

January

Life

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SWEETHEARTS ONCE, STRANGERS NOW



Did You Ever Ride a High-Wheeler?

Those old-fashioned two-story bicycles were the gay deceivers, all right! You needed a step-ladder to mount one of them—and only half a second to get off. They never stood on ceremony when they got ready to buck.

Seems an awful long time since they were the vogue. So long ago that the last of them must be in the museums by this time. The encyclo-

pedia says the first high-wheel bicycle was brought to this country from England in 1876.

That was five years after Richmond Straight Cuts were first introduced to the American public.

They both made a big success. But while the high-wheel bicycle is gone forever—Richmond Straight Cuts go on forever. They will ever be the best of all Virginia Cigarettes.

Besides the regular package of 20, these cigarettes are also packed in attractive tin boxes, convenient for den, office or traveling, 50 for 40 cents; 100 for 75 cents. These larger packages will be sent prepaid on receipt of price, if your dealer cannot supply them.

Allen & Ginter

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U.S.A.
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSOR.

FRIENDS FOR FORTY FOUR YEARS



Jan. 21, 1915

Investigating the Navy

WHILE militarists and politicians and sellers of war material have been running our navy down, others have been looking it up, with special attention to what it has cost. The figures show that for what some of our leading experts now characterize as junk we have been spending more than militaristic Germany and militaristic Austria combined. In the last sixteen years we have laid out for naval purposes four hundred million dollars more than Germany. We know where the German Navy is. What is left of it after some good fighting is bottled up at Kiel, and it has been commonly credited with being efficient, an attacking force of which we should be mortally afraid. But where is our navy? Those who claim to know—valiant Republicans who helped to build it and expert naval officers who helped to equip and organize it—tell us it is inadequate and inferior, junk-like and joke-like.

So there we are. Let the investigation proceed. But let us commence back a few years and seek to learn how we came to buy a navy without getting it.

MAUD: What makes Carol so disliked?

BEATRIX: She got the most votes for being popular.



Managing the Business of 8,500,000 Telephones

Imagine a manufacturing business having millions of customers scattered over the country, with millions of accounts on its books, most of them less than \$30 a year, and including a multitude of 5-cent charges.

Consider it as having shops and offices in thousands of cities, and reaching with its output 70,000 places, more than there are post offices in the United States. Think of the task of patrolling 16,000,000 miles of connecting highways constantly in use.

This gives you a faint idea of the business of managing the Bell System.

Not all the 8,500,000 telephones are in use at once, but the management must have facilities always adequate to any demands for instant, direct communication.

In so vast an undertaking, every branch of the organization must work in harmony, guided by one policy. The entire plant must be managed in the light of accumulated experience, and with the most careful business judgment.

The aim of the Bell System is to make the telephone of the utmost usefulness. This requires an army of loyal men and women, inspired by a leadership having a high sense of its obligations to the public.

Animated by the spirit of service, and unhampered by red tape, the 150,000 Bell employees have the courage to do the right thing at the right time upon their own initiative. They work together intelligently as a business democracy to give the public good service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

A Sign of Prosperity

THE reopening of the Stock Exchange, otherwise known as Wall Street, although it is on Broad Street, is one of the most indisputable signs of returning prosperity that has yet appeared on our much-disputed horizon. Wall Street is easily the most expensive luxury that we indulge ourselves in. It isn't a necessity. That has been proved; certainly not an unintermittent necessity. As for the sybariticism of its operations, its magnificently appointed offices and accoutrements, its excessive charges for small services, its contempt for any but the largest winnings, and its consistent avoidance of any effort that society can find productive or otherwise advantageous, all make it clear that if we can support Wall Street, we can support anything. Down with pessimism; let optimism be unconfined.

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Rates from \$2.50 per day.
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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
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WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS \$50 EACH
Write all or spare time. Past experience, literary ability and CORRE-
SPONDENCE COURSES NOT REQUIRED. DETAILS FREE.
ATLAS PUBLISHING CO., 455, Cincinnati, Ohio



What they ought to say—

"I feel very much like Life. I'm neutral. I don't care which ally wins."

THERE are many opinions as to which is the best time to subscribe to LIFE. Some say December. Some say in summer. Some say in January, immediately after the holidays, when you are not so rushed and need to be intellectually stimulated. Some say they can afford to send only a dollar for a three months' trial subscription (*see coupon*). Some say they'd rather get it off their minds for a year. Some would rather buy it from their newsdealers every Tuesday. Some don't buy it at all, but rely upon their friends to tell them what's in it. As for ourselves, we don't know how to advise you. Just when we have asked you to subscribe, the next number may be poor. Don't always obey that impulse. Think it over.



AT THE FIFTH AVENUE CANINE CLUB

"What's this? Cat and Dog Number of LIFE coming February 2d?"

"That settles it. If they are going to put cats on the same level with us, I'll cancel my subscription."

Handsome premium picture in colors, "WHERE LOVE IS," given with each yearly subscription.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

78

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

February MOTOR NUMBER
SCRIBNER
To be published January 23, 1915

"A pen picture of the great canal
builder on the job"

**Personality
of Colonel Goethals**

By Joseph Bucklin Bishop

Author of "The Panama Gateway," and for nine
years Secretary of the Isthmian
Canal Commission

Mr. Bishop will give in detail Col. Goethals's
methods of meeting and solving the many problems
that confronted him from day to day, illustrating
it with numerous anecdotes and incidents.
The second installment of

The Freelands

The new serial by John Galsworthy

Mr. Galsworthy has never written anything that
has made a more immediate appeal to the reader's
interest. The Freeland family with its widely con-
trasted characters, the English country background,
the possibilities of romance in the lives of Nedda,
Derek, and Sheila—make up a stage-setting full of
promise that later chapters amply fulfil.

**Militarism and Democracy
in Germany**

By Oswald Garrison Villard

A very clear presentation of the relations between
the army and the people.

Eight Decorations for the Panama-Pacific Inter-
national Exposition, by Frank Brangwyn. Four
of them beautifully reproduced in colors.

**The Motor in War
and Peace:**

The Motor in Warfare

By Charles L. Freeston

The present war "is not a war of men, it is a war
of machines." The rapidity, the "speeding-up" of
the war has been due to the wonderful efficiency and
use of motors. Mr. Freeston shows the many ways
motors have increased the mobility and effective
strength of the armies.

Motoring in the High Sierras

By Charles J. Belden

A wonderful motor-journey through one of the
most picturesque mountain regions of the United
States.

The Woman at the Wheel

By Herbert Ladd Towle

Women and the use of the motor—gasolene and
electric.

Short Stories

by John Galsworthy

George Hibbard

Katharine Fullerton Gerould

Mary Synon

Paris in Etching in "The Field of Art"

The Song of the Dying

The wounded German drank from
the bottle offered by the Frenchman
as they lay on the field.

—News Despatch.

BY the rusted swords of our fathers,
By the fields where the valiant
bled,

By the tears of the early-widowed,
We swore to avenge our dead.
By the anguish that knows no comfort,
By the breaking hearts and the pain,
We plighted our troth to the sabre,
We drained a toast to the slain.

They called and we left the harvest
To the sweep of an alien scythe;
We cut our ties to the fireside,
For the plains where the wounded
writhe.

Was there aught of the fearful part-
ing,

One jot of the sorrow and woe,
A twist of the severed heart-strings,
A grief that we did not know?

We've seen the eyes of our children
As they filled in the last embrace;
Through our dreams in the darkened
trenches

We've looked on a streaming face.
At the hail of the soughing bullets,
At the shock of the blood-stained
field,

We've known what it was to falter,
We've cursed the command to yield.

With the fierce blood-thirst of the
savage

And the maddening lust to kill,
We've entered the death-mined valley,
We've mounted the shell-swept hill.
But the joy of the clashing sabres
And the thrill of the fight is fled.
Your hand, for the mists are falling,
And we sleep to-night with the dead.

Your hand, may we bear no malice,
Let kings and emperors hate;
We followed our ensigns to glory,
And shared but the common fate.
They've builded their thrones on our
corpses

Since ever the world began.
They've lifted their towers to Mam-
mon,
And lowered the temple to Man.

We've fought for their crowns and
sceptres,
We've died that their heirs might
live,
Our wounds were the motes in the
sunshine,

For we had a life to give.
The blood of a thousand thousand
Was shed in the stroke of a pen;
At their nod we were slaves in living,
But they let us die like Men.

William Wright.



"The Perfume of Old-Fashioned Gardens
and Tender Memories"

Lilas de Rigaud

WHEN the winter winds sweep over the world—
and the dusk falls—and it's candle-light'n'
time—where do you like most to send your thoughts
a-drifting?

Backward—do you not?—to an Old-fashioned
Garden, where Dreams lie thick on the sun-flecked
grass and Tender Memories float on every breath of
the soft wind. There, under Lilac blooms, you
wander down still paths and into quiet doorways that
lead to peace.

Lilas de Rigaud is like a breath of the same old
lilac-scented air and brings back the picture as
vividly as though it were but yesterday. Try it your-
self. Suggest it to a friend whose memories are sweet.

Extract, Toilet Water, Talcum,
Face Powder, Cold Cream, at high-
class Toilet Goods Departments.

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344 West Fourth Street, New York

RIGAUD, 16 Rue de la Paix
Paris



"WHAT'S THE USE OF TRYING TO BE
GOOD WHEN THEY TREAT A
FELLOW THIS WAY!"

Swollen-Headed William

A Parody on "Struwwelpeter"

By E. V. LUCAS

The bitter humor of its satire is the
keener for its clever parody of the
stories told in every German home.

Irresistibly funny

Net 50 cents

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

GORHAM

STERLING SILVER DINNER WARE

Good silverware on the table gives you solid satisfaction as long as you live. A Gorham dinnerware service can be handed on from one generation to another, growing more valuable every year.

Any one of the entire thirty different Gorham designs would make a worthy family heirloom. Each design comprises every essential *dish* and *bowl* and *tray* and *tureen* and *candlestick* needed in the service of an elegant dinner.

It is an investment that never has to be repeated, though you can add to your selection whenever you wish.

And a thing to remember is that, if for any reason it is necessary fifty years from now to replace a piece, Gorham can furnish it.



On every piece of Gorham Silverware this identifying trade-mark appears. Offered everywhere by jewelers of the better class



THE GORHAM CO.

SILVERSMITHS - GOLDSMITHS

NEW YORK



Revised List of Our National Defenses

ONE navy, undermanned.
One dozen peace treaties.*
One William Jennings Bryan.
One placid American public.

* Good in peace times only.

One measure of overconfidence.
One praiseworthy trust in our fellowmen.

One infinitesimal standing army.
One artillery department, short of ammunition.

One hero of San Juan Hill.

F. D. B.

Rushed

CRAWFORD: So you don't think this is the right time to speak about increasing our armaments?

CRAWSHAW: No; we seem to have all we can do to supply war materials to the belligerents.



THE THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE

Efficiency and Rum

Cobb, who sat at lunch with us, was quite confident that national prohibition was coming, and coming soon. And he was for it, not from a personal abhorrence of rum, for he is not a teetotaller, but because of the good that he thought that national prohibition would do to other people. It was bound to come. Efficiency, he said, would compel it. Alcohol he considered a hindrance to efficiency. But efficiency was the great indispensable, and alcohol and anything else that got in its way would be run over. We shall soon have national prohibition, Cobb thinks, because efficiency demands it.

Now, Cobb is a man who runs a factory, and does it well and with great success. He is one of the most up-to-the-date people you see about. He can make, sell and distribute goods and collect the money. He is captain of a great machine. He is very efficient indeed; he has to be. His machine is also very efficient indeed. He has to have efficiency in his business; if he didn't it would eat him up. His business is a machine full of cogs which must all turn together. He is a cog and he must turn as regularly as the rest. He feels that nothing which tends to check the orderly rotation of cogs can long be tolerated. If alcohol tends to slow up cogs, alcohol must go.

That efficiency is crowding rum hard is obvious and not to be regretted. Efficiency has to do chiefly with machines, and between machinery and rum there is a deep and warrantable hostility. There is no objection to a fair set-to under the rules between machinery and rum, but there is every objection to national prohibition, which would give efficiency and machinery an unfair advantage and hurry them along the path of premature success to a crash that would harm everybody.

Rum is, for the most part, treacherous and unwholesome; efficiency is almost altogether admirable; but they are almost equally unfit to be the master of man. Happily they are conflicting influences. While there is still rum in the world it will be harder for efficiency and machinery to gain



"WELL, TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT—"



A PAVLOVA AUDIENCE

(TO BE EN RÉGLE THIS SEASON GOWNS MUST ACCORD WITH THE MUSIC)

complete control of mankind, and while there is efficiency in the world rum will have to suffer much salutary restraint. Rum and efficiency seem like natural neighbors, and we shall probably keep them both, and must hope and pray to employ them temperately. Thus may we keep a hold on art and beauty, which efficiency would abolish, and possibly have garb and roofs and food which rum can always spare.

One could wish very much that efficiency in its war with rum would single out the more destructive intoxicants and let the milder ones alone. Also that rum in its warfare with efficiency would hit it in its more odious phases and spare it where it does good. No one should care how hard efficiency hit whiskey, or how hard rum hit roadside advertising.

E. S. Martin.

A New Source of Supply

ON top of the glad news that reindeer are now being raised in large numbers in Alaska to furnish future supplies of meat, comes word that the hippopotamus will soon be used for domestic purposes.

The Liberian hippopotamus is quite small, weighing, in good health, not over four hundred and twenty pounds, and is modest and retiring, but extremely nourishing. He is affectionate in disposition, and, while growing up, can be the source of endless amusement for the children. Unlike most pets, he does not object to being bathed. A house hippopotamus will frequently spend hours in the bathtub of his own accord, and, indeed, prefers having his meals served there, if possible.

Hippopotamuses, or hippopotami (according to whether you are a college

graduate or not) are easily kept within bounds. One never sees them leaping over fences, or frisking among the corn. They are, it is true, fond of lolling about in freshly watered geranium beds, but these can easily be protected by barbed wire.

Also, the presence of a group of hippopotamuses on your place is soothing to the nerves. It is extremely rare, if ever, that a hippopotamus has the St. Vitus dance. He sleeps, as a rule, quite late in the morning, and is, in fact, undisturbed by things which keep many of us anxious and careworn.

We look forward to the time when every respectable family will keep, in addition to the customary six-cylinder auto, a small group of hippopotamuses to keep down the cost of living.

LOVE is a game in which we win when holding the smallest hands.

On Life's Wire



"HELLO, LIFE?"
"Yes. This is LIFE."

"This is Congress speaking."

"Glad you called up, Congress. Have been wanting to congratulate you for a long time."

"On what, LIFE? On the things I have accomplished?"

"No.. On your glorious opportunity."

"What do you mean 'glorious opportunity'?"

"Can it be that you don't realize the wonderful new influence that has come into your life, Congress?"

"You mystify me, LIFE. What can you be talking about?"

"Hasn't it occurred to you that at last you have a President who treats you seriously, who assumes that you amount to something, who comes to you and addresses you personally as if you were composed of real, live men, capable of serious thought and constructive industry, instead of mere machine politicians capable only of oratorical formulizing and underground wire-pulling?"

"There may be something in what you say, LIFE."

"Of course there is. All the Presidents of the past have been regularly addressing messages to you that contained no more spark of vitality than a copy-book motto. Perfunctorily written and perfunctorily sent over to you, you received them perfunctorily and did not listen while they were perfunctorily read. But now you have a President who treats you as if you were grown up, entitled to wear long trousers and carry a latchkey. When a President comes to you as man to man, and earnestly talks common sense, how can you fail to react in a manly, common-sensible way?"

"By Jove, LIFE, you put my position to me in a brand-new light. Your words thrill me with a keener sense of responsibility and inspire me with loftier aims."

"Glad to hear it, Congress. Again we congratulate you."

"Thank you very much, LIFE. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Congress. And don't forget. Now that you are grown to man's estate, you must put away childish things."

The Unpsychological Moment

THE news, as announced by former Senator Frank J. Cannon, that the Mormons are going to build a tabernacle in New York, will be received in various ways by various people. It is possible that the Mormons have an altruistic purpose in mind, and are doing this to reduce polygamy in the East. They might be a help here. We don't know.

If they are going to start up here with the idea that they will act as an encouragement for any of us to support a number of wives, we cannot but feel that they have selected an unpropitious period.

Nobody in this region, so far as we know, is anxious just at present to provide for any extra wives. Some of us are having considerable inconvenience supporting the one we have on hand. For even keeping one wife in these days is no bed of roses.

Keeping a wife, indeed, in these times, in New York or immediate vicinity, is a precarious sport, and the pleasure of it is not in any way enhanced by the fact that it is only at occasional intervals you can catch a glimpse of her. Sometimes, as you trudge manfully and humbly along the Avenue, trying to avoid making a noise like a man who is evading a creditor, you will see your wife as she passes in her auto. You may pass her also on the landing, or at a dinner-party to which—by some *faux pas* of the hostess—you have both been invited. But beyond this you only know about her from the expense of keeping her.

If the Mormons think they can encourage us to keep more than one invisible wife, we respectfully inform them they are barking up the wrong tree.



THE LEANING TOWER

To a Certain Jackass

OUR advice to the Democratic emblem is to put on his reading-glasses and commit to memory these lines from the *New York World*:

If Democrats are incapable of giving honest support to a President like Woodrow Wilson, he is the last Democratic President that this political generation is likely to see, and the Democratic party will revert to its former position as a mere party of opposition.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY ON HER WAY TO OPEN A BANK ACCOUNT

Telling It to the Children

AN educational association in Michigan recently sent this question to three hundred and seventeen representative citizens:

"Do you believe that sex hygiene should be taught in the schools?" Ninety-two answered, "Yes." One hundred and seventy-five answered, "No", and the rest of the answers were qualified. Thus the number of parents who didn't believe in sex instruction was nearly twice as many as those who did.

In the meantime, while the school-people are backing and filling as to whether to introduce this latest fad, would it not be a good idea to find out what sex hygiene means? Here are some definitions which might be used as a basis:

Sex hygiene is the sum total of all the ignorance about sex which a particular group of people have acquired.

Telling a burnt child how to strike a match.

A consensus of disagreement about how to supply school-children with a substitute for nature.



America First or Humanity First

AMERICAN relief funds are supplying food and clothing to the widows, orphans and the homeless and starving in war-shattered Europe, and sending surgeons and nurses to patch up the wounded. At the same time we are shipping over thousands of cavalry horses and our steel mills are turning out fifty million dollars' worth of war munitions to be used in making more widows, more cripples, orphans and destitute—to whom to send more relief ships. Surely the American spirit of charity, liberality and love of humanity is comprehensive!



EUGENICS

On Cultivating Emotions

MOST people have a mental garden, whether they realize it or not. The process of growing all sorts of things in it—hit or miss—is often an unconscious one. But in these days the proper cultivation of one's emotions is a problem of no mean order.

Emotions appear to overcome one spontaneously. We are going along in a humdrum sort of way, rather tired and dusty, maybe, when suddenly, like a summer storm, an emotion overwhelms us. We are carried along by it for a while, and then left, limp and weak, to recover.

That is one kind of an emotion—such, for instance, as we got from the war—an emotion that appeared to sweep down upon us from the outside, and for which we did not seem to be at all responsible.

And yet it was, actually, our very own. To realize this one has but to jog one's memory as to how the news affected some others. Such as the lady who said, when she heard that Germany had declared war, that she had gotten home just in time. Emotions, therefore, lie within the capacity of the individual to have them. The material for them is everywhere.

The capacity for experiencing emotions is not unlike the capacity for enjoying a joke. Repetition is fatal.

Therein lies the strength of those who eternally fool the public. The first time they are exposed our emotions against them run riot. But these rapidly fade, and there is no recurring



TYPOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING
LADY TEXT AND LIGHTFACE GOTHIC



"OH, SHAME! DON'T YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD FORGIVE YOUR ENEMIES?"
"SURE. AFTER THEY'VE GOT ENOUGH."

crop. When we are told nowadays that fifty thousand or more are injured and killed every year by our railroads, or that there are so many child laborers under twelve, we scarcely look up from our knitting. When

we were first told we shuddered with sympathy.

Emotion, therefore, depends upon freshness. And what can there be to offer us as material? After Belgium, what is there left?

Hints for War Correspondents



Train 15 hours a day at forced marching.



Get used to simple field-cooking.

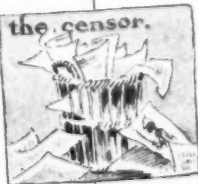


Acquire nerve for work under fire.

And this is what you'll see of the war.



Get accustomed to sleeping in the open.





DREAM OF A MULTIMILLIONAIRE

The German Professor Speaks

"A H!" said the German professor to the young American. "It is a pity that you cannot speak English as well as I can, but not at all surprising; you learned your English from an ignorant nurse, I mine from an educated teacher. You were speaking just now of Belgium. It is clear that our Chancellor made a mistake when he admitted at the outset of this war that the invasion of Belgian territory was an offense against international law, but that it was vital to the Germans' plan of campaign that an attack should be made on France through Belgium. As I look at it, Belgium was the first to violate neutrality, since French aviators, I am informed, flew over Belgian territory into the German air. Before we invaded Belgium we offered her indemnity for all damage done, but she chose to resist our justifiable excursion. As a natural consequence of this resistance, we have slain their inhabitants, destroyed their cities, broken up the whole industrial structure of the country, and finally have fined the ruined towns millions of marks and have levied requisitions upon the starving inhabitants for the provisions which they do not possess."

"Yes," said the American. "And the United States are called upon to feed these Belgians whom you are fining and from whom you are taking provisions which they do not possess. It seems to me that even if military necessity demands, as you say, that your armies should go through Belgium, was it not natural that the Belgians should resist this invasion?"

"Not at all," replied the professor. "It is wicked to resist the German army, and useless. So that Germany is justified in doing all that it has done and will do."

"But why does not Germany feed the country it has devastated?" asked the American.

"We are much too busy and cultured to do that," replied the German. "To-day we expect rich America to attend to Belgium's needs, and later it is quite possible that we may cross the ocean to inform you in our forcible manner that it is wicked to criticize the foremost and most cultured nation in the world for anything that it may wish to do."

Failures

A SPEAKER before the honorable Civic Federation thinks our postal system is a failure because it doesn't earn interest on the capital invested in it, on the hundreds of millions laid out in buildings and grounds.

By the same sign, our schools are failures and our police forces and our fire departments and our navy and army and our streets and our city halls and our court houses and our public buildings of all kinds, and, in fact, everything that is the public's. The postal system is the least failure of the lot, because it comes out about even, while all the others are total losses.

CERTAIN politicians with axes to grind are discovering that President Wilson is a poor grindstone.



Boss: HERE, WHERE YOU GOIN'?

"I'M TAKIN' THIS PAIL O' MORTAR T' MURPHY."

"WHAT PAIL OF MORTAR?"

"DARNED IF I AIN'T FORGOT IT!"

Frustrate

(After an evening of Browning, Masfield and some Post-impressionistic literature.)

I TURNED to the parlor in panic
And blurted out, "What must you think?"
She rippled, "Then let me the canick—
In clink!"

I soared to my feet; it was still dim * * *
The moon, like an opal in fright,
Leaned over and whispered, "I killed him
Last night."

Not an hour to lose; I would save her—
I fastened my spurs in the air
With the scent of the twilight I gaye her
To wear.

And I thought, with a shriek, of how Friday
Would burst into corduroy pants—
And I drove like a fiend, and I cried, "Day,
Advance!"

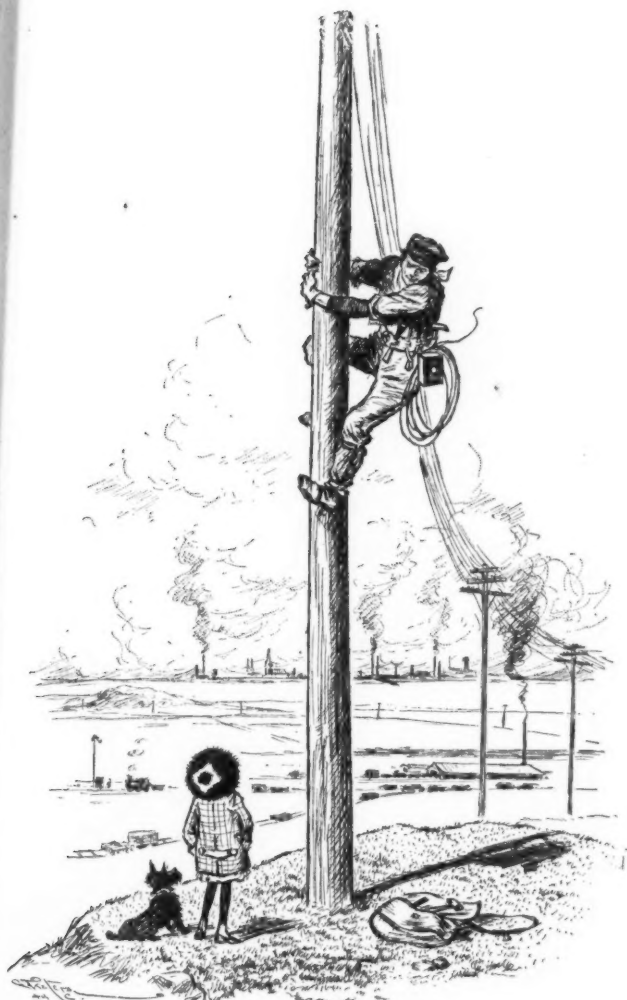
The wind smacked its lips. "Here's a nice treat";
The sea was a forest of flame—
And so to the billowy Bye Street
I came. * * *

The stars at my shoulder were baying,
I surged through the hole i' the gate—
And I knew that the Bishop was saying,
"Too late."

* * * * *

They tell me that no one believed me;
I never was asked to the feast.* * *
My dears, 'twas the cabby deceived me—
The beast!

Louis Untermeyer.

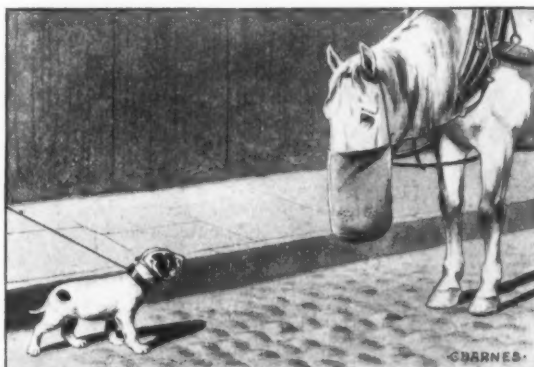


"WHAT ARE YE GOIN' TO DO UP THERE? SEND A TELEGRAM?"

What After Safety?

EVERYBODY from Dan to Beersheba is now thoroughly convinced that "safety first" is the proper thing. It may not always be possible to agree upon whose safety it shall be, but considered wholly in the abstract, anybody caught putting anything ahead of safety in these enlightened days of peace and good will would have to dodge anathema the rest of his life.

Indeed, so amicably and universally settled is this problem of "safety first" that many are wondering if we shouldn't now stop talking about it and commence to consider what shall come after safety. Safety, although the first thing, is not the only thing. What shall we have for second? Any suggestion, however foolish, will be welcome.



Pup: I WONDER IF THAT GETS ON HIS NERVES
AS MINE DOES?



WALTER DE MARIA

"BUT I NO SPIK ZE ENGLISH GOOT"
 "IT'S A CINCH, KID. YOU STICK AROUND ME, AND I'LL
 SOON PUT YOU WISE TO THE RIGHT DOPE"

Let Us Neutrals Get Together

CAN'T we neutrals get together, somehow?

Remember, Belgium was a neutral, not allied with anybody, not on quarrelsome terms with anybody, and with no interest in war except to keep out of it. See what has happened to her as a consequence of her detachment.

And here, look at us States; a large, orphaned family, some of us still very young, exposed to pirates on two wet sides one thousand to two thousand

miles long, and to dry attacks across four or five thousand miles of border. Nobody to help us; and we a pacific people, infested with pacifists and no bug exterminator in the house.

Evidently our lay is to get in promptly with some warlike peoples, who have not ships enough to come here in force unless expressly invited, and who are competent on occasion to furnish the necessary element of pepper to our national disposition.

With Belgium, for example, an al-

liance would be grand for us, and possibly with Switzerland, Holland and Denmark. Also Finland, if she can fix it so that she can keep an engagement. And now is the time to perfect these protective measures, especially with Belgium. We are trying to be useful to her already, but our sympathies far outrun the most that we can do under present circumstances and on the basis of present relations. With a new treaty with Belgium, providing that we guarantee the integrity of her boundaries and that she guarantees the integrity of ours, we would be in a position to take a more urgent interest in her concerns.

Can not our legislative and administrative representatives at Washington arrange this matter for us, and promptly, so that present apprehensions may be mitigated and we may feel that we have somewhere dependable friends?

E. S. M.

New York

TIPS, slush, dust, noise, tips, glare, slums, clubs (university, society and police), lifts, tickers, waiters, peroxides, opaque hose, avenues, tips, "ads", wheels, transfers, girls, tips, "bargains", autos, headlines, bells, horns, tips, slush, dust, noise, etc.



HER HALOS



DECORATED ON THE FIELD

The Horse: I SAY, IS THERE ANYTHING IN THIS FOR ME? I CARRIED HIM

Wall Street and Business



THE New York *Sun* has a wonderfully altitudinous opinion of Wall Street. This has been observable for a considerable period, but we were hardly prepared for this title to an editorial anent the reopening of the Stock Exchange: "Wall Street Signals Business to Go Ahead." In the body of the editorial, however, it appears that Wall Street signalled Business to go ahead, because Business signalled Wall Street to go ahead.

The idea is, of course, that Business is Business and Wall Street is Wall Street. No more futile than the age-long effort to discover whether the bird or the egg came first would it be to try to find out from the

said editorial whether Wall Street or Business came first, but there they are signalling away to each other for dear

life. At the opening of the war Wall Street stopped and signalled to Business to do the same. Business, especially the gun and ammunition business, paid little attention. Then Wall Street finally decided to start up again, whereupon it signalled to Business to go ahead, and Business replied, as before, by going along just about as it had been.

With all due respect to whatever inside information the *Sun* might have, it may be hinted that Wall Streets may come and Wall Streets may go, but Business goes on forever.

Joy?

THERE was a young lady from Gopher,
Who went out to ride with her chauffeur.
They found her remains scattered wide o'er the
plains,

But nothing to show for the chauffeur!

Ted

THERE was a man in the land of Osterbay, and his name was TED.

And there was born unto him a great family of words, so that he had great store of talk; and there was nothing lacking of all the words that he used, neither of nouns nor verbs. And his substance also was seven thousand adjectives; so that this man was the greatest of all the men in the East.

And it was so that TED sanctified them, and he rose up in the morning and offered burnt offerings according to the number of words he used, but particularly to the word Liar. For TED said it may be so that he who delivers the first blow *Liar* will secure the most delectable advertising privileges while his opponents will be drowned out. This did TED continually.

Now, there was a day when the sons of the G. O. P. came to present themselves before the Lord, and the Bulmos came also among them; and they thought he was of their kind.

And the Lord said unto Bulmos, Whence comest thou? Then Bulmos answered the Lord and said, From going to and fro in the earth and from walking up and down in it.

And the Lord said unto the Bulmos, Hast thou considered my servant TED that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and upright man, one that feareth the Standardoil and escheweth silence?

Then Bulmos answered the Lord and said, Let me, pray, dally with him yet a little while and I will turn him from his party and send him into the wilderness, and Perkins and T. C. & I. shall plague him; and he shall be lyman-abbotted in the land of his fathers.

And the Lord said unto Bulmos, Behold all that he hath is in thy power. So the Bulmos went forth and the party was split, and behold, a great wind from the wilderness came and smote the four corners of the Progressives, and it fell upon the angels, each one of whom was backing himself for a place; so that TED smote his breast and said, I am up against it. Let darkness obscure me and oblivion encompass me, and may the *World* stop advertising me and the *Evening Post* resent me no longer.

For now I should have lain still and be quiet, I should have slept. Then had I been at rest with kings and counsellors of the earth which built desolate places for themselves.

For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me.

I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet, yet trouble came.

CHAPTER II.

Then Elihu, the Corporite, answered and said:

Behold, thou hast instructed many with words that are not so and has strengthened the weak hands. Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue; thou shalt live down thy hard-earned reputation for being only a politician and a demagogue and thine enemies shall be at peace with thee.

But TED answered and said, I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes. Then there came unto him his former brethren, the Taftites and the Cannonites and the Cabot-lodgeites and did eat bread with him in his own house, and they bemoaned him and comforted him over the evil that the Bulmos had brought upon him; every man gave him a piece of tariff money and every one an earring of gold.

And TED said, No river of doubt shall oppress me, for I am gathered once more into my dear old G. O. P. And in all the land there was discovered no words so fair as the words of TED.

T. L. M.

Sighted for a Moment

OUT of thirty-five members of the American Peace

Committee to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the Treaty of Ghent, seventeen were residents of New York. It was intended that the committee should receive and entertain some British visitors, but the war spoiled that. The committee, however, signed a "statement" which brought to notice more names of New Yorkers than anyone has seen connected with any detail of national business since the South swung back into the saddle, with the West a-straddle behind.

Who picked that committee, and how there came about this sudden revelation that New York is still in the Union, does not appear. For some purposes New York does seem to be in the Union still, though not, visibly, for government.



"WON'T YOU HAVE A PLATE OF ICE CREAM, MISS HOG?"

"I'VE HAD TWELVE ALREADY, MR. GOAT. DON'T YOU THINK A THIRTEENTH MIGHT BE UNLUCKY?"

For the Sufferers

THE contributions acknowledged below are those received at LIFE office inclusive of January 9th:

Previously acknowledged	\$4,116.58
Peter A. Reno, Detroit, Mich.	5.00
H. K. H., Chicago, Ill.	5.00
R. S. Taylor, Fort Wayne, Ind.	5.00
T. M. H., Hurley, N. M.	3.25
J. W. H., II, Moline, Ill.	15.00
H. A. R., New York City	25.00
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Anonymous, Greenville, Miss.	2.00
D. M. L., St. Paul, Minn.	20.00
Theosophist, Portland, Ore.	2.00

\$4,379.83

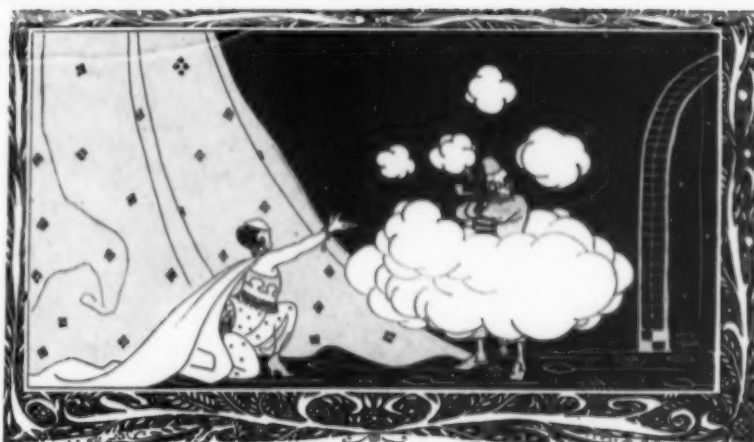
Parcels of clothing and knit wear, which have been forwarded, have been received from Katharine Kellogg, Oswego, N. Y.; F. W. Moles, New York City; Mrs. J. K. Allen, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Mrs. Bayard Verplanck, Fishkill, N. Y., and Mrs. L. R. Stiles, New York City.

By the time this reaches the readers of LIFE another large shipment of articles provided by their generosity and calculated to lessen the misery of innocent sufferers from the war will have gone forward direct to its destination of helpfulness. Details will be given in the next issue of LIFE.

In acting as the almoner of its readers the object of LIFE has been to make the aid which they contribute of the utmost practical use and to make sure, as far as is possible, that it should go direct to those who need it most. Women, children and aged persons have been principally in mind, as these are the really helpless ones. Their want is still so great, their condition still so pitiful, that the time is not yet here to draw back the hand that gives.

WILLIE: Pop, what's a grouch?

FATHER: A grouch, my son, is one who adds to the happiness of others by staying away from them.



One Thousand More Nights

The Story of the Lady Nuufad and the Slave of the Ring



T has been related, O Prince, that there lived in Mahnhahtan, the Happy, a lady named Nuufad, who wore on the third finger of her left hand a plain gold band.

Through the power of this ring she controlled the services of an amateur genie named Djuum.

Whenever the Lady Nuufad desired a new garment, a wonderful jewel or a private yacht, Djuum was obliged to gratify her whim.

One evening, being in playful mood, she summoned her faithful slave and bade him dance with her a fantastic whirl called the turkitrot.

"I hear and obey," said Djuum, and the Lady Nuufad immediately felt herself seized and carried about in the mazes of the turkitrot. This continued till she was quite exhausted and said, "That will do, Djuum; you may go."

On the following evening her desire to dance returned, so she again sent for Djuum. When he appeared she said to him, "Djuum, I wish to do a new dance."

"I hear and obey," said Djuum, and away they went, in the motions of a dance called the tango.

On each succeeding evening the genie was asked to do a new dance with the lady, until one evening, on being summoned, Djuum appeared with a great rumbling and frowned terribly upon the Lady Nuufad.

"What is the matter?" asked the lady, who was greatly affrighted. Djuum's eyes rolled and flashed as he roared in thunderous tones:

"Know, O wretch, that I and the other slaves of the ring have agreed not to learn any more new steps!" Whereupon he turned and vanished, and the Lady Nuufad never saw him after.



THE SEASONS

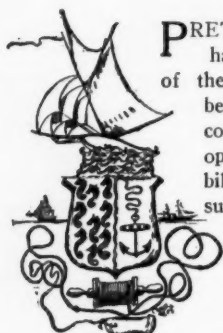


JANUARY 21, 1915

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PRETTY much everything that has been said on either side of the shipping bill debate has been promptly and plausibly contradicted by the debaters opposed. It is argued for the bill that our producers are suffering acute torments because there are not enough available vessels to carry their merchandise to countries, especially in South America, that are eager to receive it. Conversely we have assurance that South America just now is in a state of fiscal disorder due to the war, which makes her countries unable to pay for much of anything, and reduces very much the aspirations of American exporters to ship her large quantities of valuable goods. The shipping bill's opponents assert that there are ships enough now to carry anything to South America that wants to go, and as for Europe, they smile at what President Wilson said at Indianapolis, "that the farmers of the United States, those who raise grain and those who raise cotton, cannot get any profit out of the great prices that they are willing to pay for these things on the other side of the sea, because the whole profit is eaten up by the extortionate charges for ocean carriage". Of course with wheat at \$1.40 or so at Chicago, the sufferings of the wheat farmers are not unbearable. Perhaps some more ships that could reach Germany might help the cotton men, though at this writing three cargoes of cotton have just reached Bremen. We hear that apples are not going abroad in satisfactory volume. The President

might well have said apples instead of wheat.

All the same, our country would doubtless be better off if it had a lot of merchant ships sailing under its own flag. Everybody admits that. Everybody wants them, and nobody wants to pay the price. There is no profit in sailing American ships paying American wages in the foreign trade. They have been regulated out of existence, and our exports and imports are carried by folks who are willing to do it cheaper than our laws permit it to be done under our flag. The popular Republican remedy for this Republican condition is subsidies. Mr. Wilson and some of the Democrats now offer this novel remedy of putting the government into the shipping business thirty million dollars' worth by buying some ships and operating them regardless of expense. It is a large, dramatic idea, and if the bill provided that Oscar Hammerstein should be Admiral of this new government fleet it might excite even more enthusiasm than it does. As it is, with control to be entrusted to Mr. McAdoo, of Georgia, Mr. Redfield, of Brooklyn, and Mr. Burleson, of Texas, some more debate seems likely to do good, especially if it can bring out some agreement as to facts. The argument that government-owned ships would be more likely to get us into a quarrel about neutral rights than privately owned ships does not seem very strong to our humble understanding. But the argument that with the government transporting cargoes, with or without profits, to help out the farmer, private owners could not stay in the business looks better.

Perhaps out of the scares and squabbles over this bill some way will be found to acquire and operate American ships which will really help matters, and lead to a revival of our merchant marine. Certainly an expenditure of thirty millions by our government in buying ships won't revive it, nor lead hopefully to its revival, though it might help the emergency, if that is as pressing as Mr. Wilson thinks. And, of course, acquisition of some part of thirty million dollars' worth of merchant ships by our government would be a handy supplement to our navy.



THE President said at Indianapolis that the Republican party had not had a new idea for thirty years. That is true enough. The Republicans who had new ideas had to get out of their party, and are now, mostly, wandering in the wilderness and wondering which trail to take to the Promised Land. But the Republicans, though they have not produced new ideas, have not forgotten all the old ideas with which they did business, and some of them are still good and can be usefully considered in the direction of our affairs. How valuable are the new ideas that Mr. Bryan and Mr. Daniels, for example, have bestowed upon the country is a question that invites more discussion than it is worth. The best representatives of the ideas that Republicans remember are very handy men for the President to have back of him when he wants something done right, and very useful critics sometimes of what he wants to do. Mr. Root, for example, was a tower of strength in supporting the Panama rates repeal bill, and a very helpful critic in shaping the currency bill. He would not make a good director of Democratic policies, being still too far unregenerate for that duty, but still a Democratic measure that has Mr. Root's support is more acceptable to hesitating minds than one that he is opposed to. Mr. Root's sources of information as to the habits and dispositions of business seem su-

perior to Mr. Wilson's, and though he is a fallible man and his opposition to a Democratic shipping bill ought not necessarily to beat it, a Democratic shipping bill that Mr. Root would consent to would look better for that reason to neutral minds than one that he declares is bad.

Mr. Root goes out of office on the fourth of March. If the Democratic party was a corporation desirous of engaging the best advice to help it in its business, it would have a retainer waiting for Mr. Root as he emerged from his Senatorial toga. His advice about what it should not do, and how to do what it wanted to do, would always be valuable. With Mr. Root as counsel and some other reliable gentleman engaged as fool-killer, with full powers, the future of the Democratic party would begin to take on aspects of permanence.



THE gentleman who forecast some time since that the war would end the last of January is heartily invited to make good. The war is plugging along in a dull, dogged monotony that makes, at the moment, poor reading, and lets a dreadful surfeit of marital delinquencies back into the first-page headlines of the daily papers. Nobody is beaten yet, though Austria comes nearest to it; there is plenty of power left in all the combatants, and considering the season a great deal of fighting is going on. Rumania is expected to join the Allies, and that is important if true, as Rumania can put into the field enough troops to facilitate considerably the destruction of Austria. Italy is said to be full of military preparations; England's new troops are reported to be well up to expectation, both in number and in forwardness of training. Nothing looks like peace. Everything looks like war to the bitter end, which saves thought, because it is impossible to think of a rearrangement of Europe and of life in general after a deadlock. If Germany can thrash the rest of



Josephus Daniels:

"A strong nor'wester's blowin', Bill!
Hark, don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now."

—From "The Sailor's Consolation", by William Pitt.

Europe, Germany can arrange the future. If the Allies can thrash Germany to a standstill, the Allies can arrange the future; but an arrangement between a still powerful and unbeaten though unsuccessful Germany and unbeaten Allies is a harder nut than even the most ambitious peace-maker is able to crack. A huge dose of violent medicine has been poured out for this ailing world, and so far as appears, it has got to be taken to the last drop.

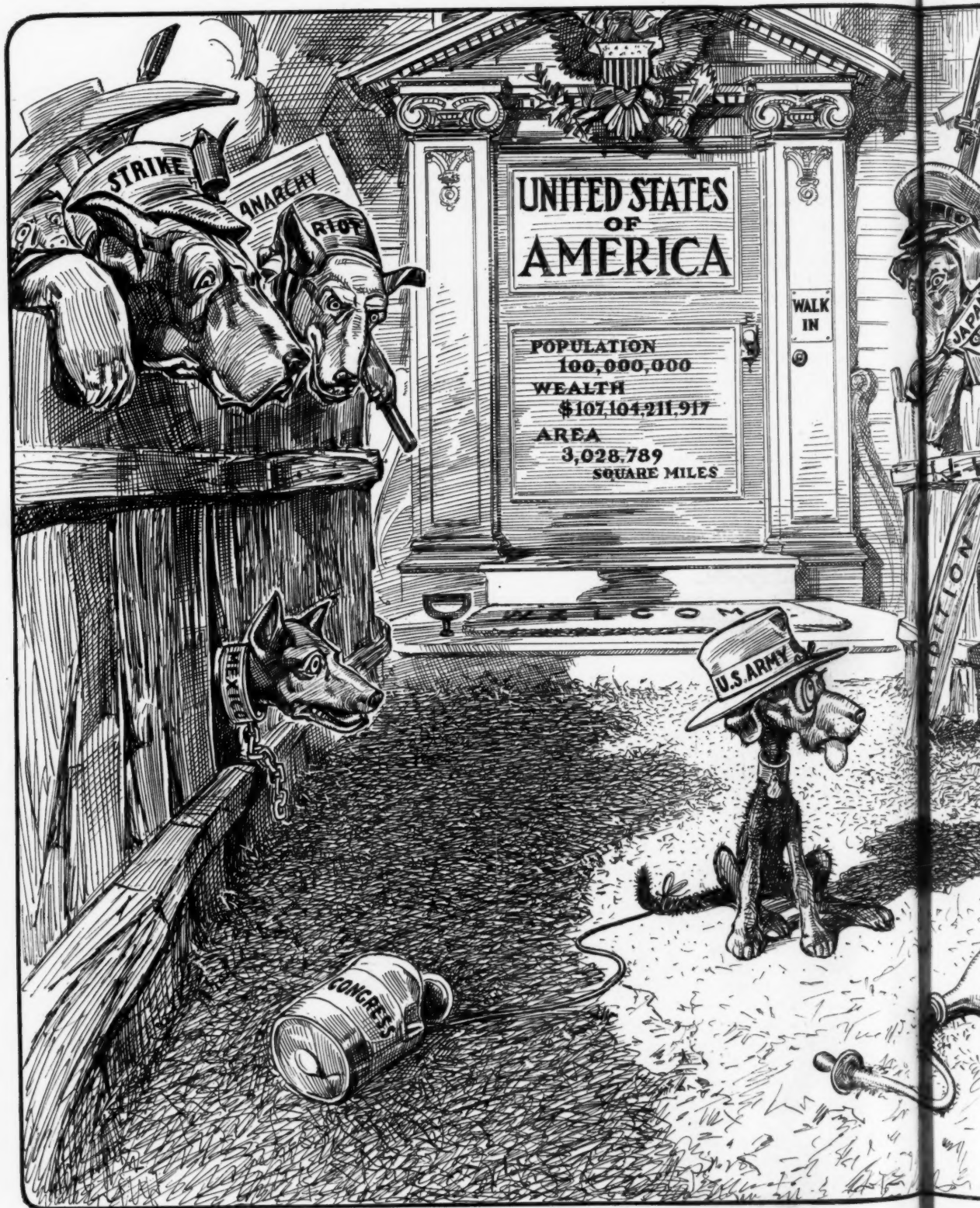


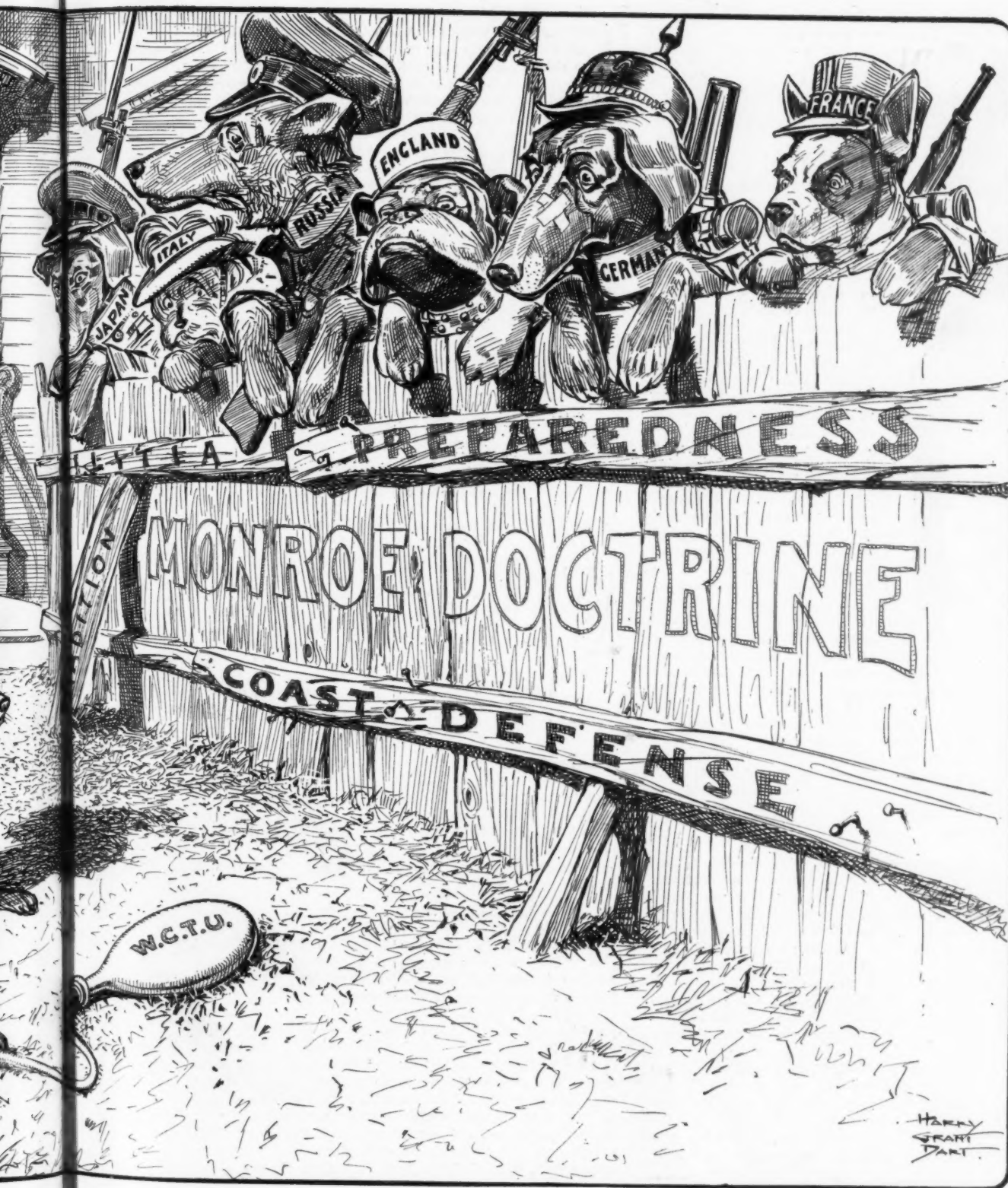
THE pre-engagement of all the forces of mind and weapon of Europe with Europe's own affairs is of obvious advantage to our administration here in leaving Mexico absolutely in the Lord's hands. A country whose posture is so described is expected to save itself or go under.

To which alternative Mexico is proceeding just now is a matter of opinion that varies with what happens to be reported in the morning paper. President Wilson, in his Jackson Day speech, defined his attitude towards Mexico with entire clearness. He means to keep hands off. He said:

Until the end of the Diaz régime eighty per cent. of the people of Mexico never had a look-in in determining who should be their governors or what their government should be. Now, I am for the eighty per cent. It is none of my business, and it is none of your business how long they take in determining it. . . . The country is theirs. The government is theirs. The liberty, if they can get it, and God speed them in getting it, is theirs. And, so far as my influence goes, while I am President, nobody shall interfere with them.

That is very definite. Mr. Wilson will be President for two years more, barring accidents, and perhaps for six years more. Any gentleman who has a different plan from his for dealing with Mexico is invited to submit it for discussion. But meanwhile, to most of us, the Wilson plan looks about as good as any.







Just by Way of a General Grouch



"ALL goods marked at plain prices" is a principle which to-day prevails in every reputable merchandising establishment. It took a long time to establish it. Formerly every merchant had his goods tagged with secret hieroglyphics showing the cost price, another below which wares must not be sold to give a reasonable profit, and the rest was left to the individual salesman to get the biggest price he could out of the prospective purchaser. In those times the theatre was a notable exception. Every seat had its advertised price, varying with its supposed desirability, from the exclusiveness of the private box to the catch-as-catch-can possibilities of the top gallery.

To-day the theatre again is the exception, with conditions reversed. Just as reputable mercantile houses have abandoned the Baxter-Street methods of dealing with their customers, the theatres have taken it up and reduced the system of pillaging their patrons to an exact science. The present methods can be applied only in the cases of the attractions which the public is most anxious to see. In theatres presenting moderate successes the well-established method of having "nothing nearer than the fifteenth row" is still prevalent, the alternative being that desirable seats must be purchased from the hotel agencies at a moderate advance.

BUT the public has certainly had what is colloquially termed "a raw deal" in the cases of certain pronounced successes this season. At the theatres where they are housed the box-offices have been kept open simply as a matter of form. The only seats they have had for sale were those in the rear rows of the gallery. Even the hotel agencies have had only indifferent places at their regular rates, and the good seats were to be had only by a dickering process with certain speculators, known to be in collusion with the theatres and employing all the devices of the second-hand clothing trade to extort the last possible dollar from the theatre's prospective patrons.

A stroll along the lower side of Forty-second Street at the theatre hour will show this trade in full blast. It is blatant and offensive. If the New York police authorities did their full duty under recently enacted laws against ticket speculation, the trade might be made less conspicuous and less of a nuisance, although it is unlikely that it could be entirely suppressed.

THE public is to blame for the whole situation and gets only what it deserves when it pays exorbitant prices for its theatre tickets. There are in New York between thirty and forty theatres of the first rank. Many of them are providing very good entertainment, indeed; at most of them it is possible to secure good seats through the regular agencies, and sometimes even at the box-offices, at the advertised prices. What makes the robber prices possible is the insistence of the public on seeing only one or two or three shows, and seeing them in the early stages of their careers. For this the women folks are even more to blame than the men. When Charles Augustus asks his young woman to go to the theatre and lets her make the choice she invariably picks the show most talked about, and Charles Augustus has to get tickets for that particular show no matter what they cost. The head of the family finds himself in the same boat when he lets his wife and daughters do the picking. Of course the out-of-towner, with his pockets full of money for a short stay in New York, is willing to pay any price for tickets to the show that some one has told him is the right one to see.

If the public showed a little more intelligence in its knowledge of the theatre, if it had a little more patience in its desire to see the success of the moment, if the parasite woman was not so all-powerful with her man-kind, the gouging ticket speculator would disappear and the theatrical manager who dealt fairly with his patrons would have a more stable business.

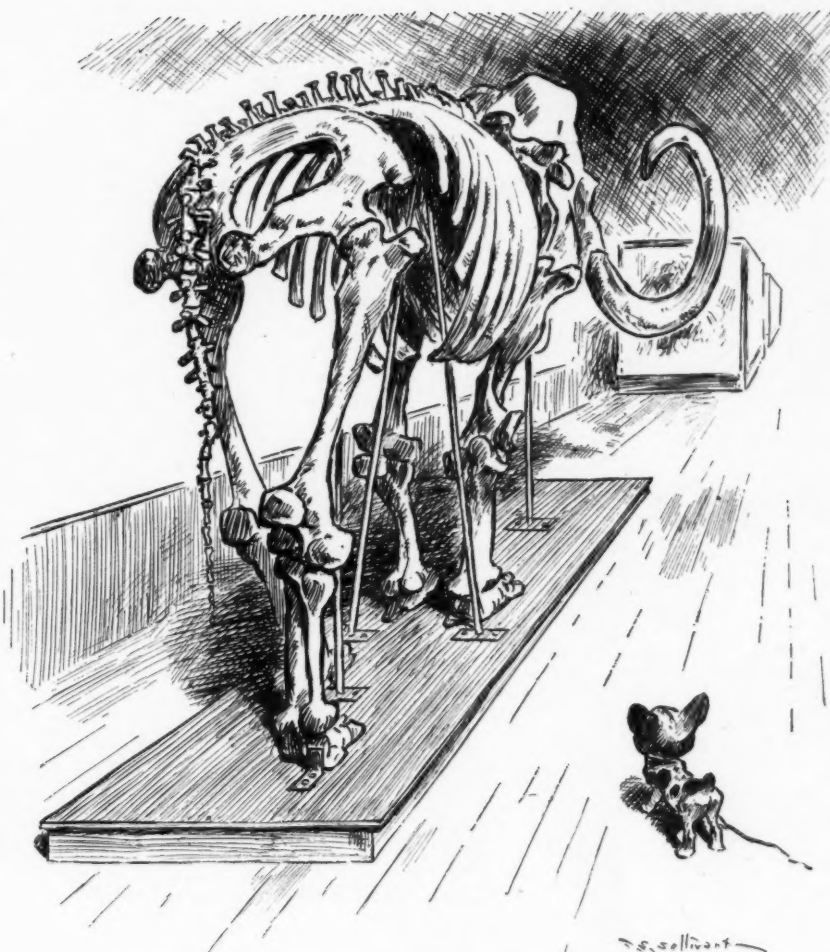


THE drama is not dignified because gentlemen like Mr. Brioux try to adapt it to disquisitions on unsavory topics. The function of the stage was strained when he used the theatre to disseminate the education contained in the entertainment called in this country "Damaged Goods". There was some excuse for sugar-coating that information with the play form because it put in logical form truths

which it is to the public good to have widely known. Not even this excuse exists for the presentation of "Maternity", which gets nowhere so far as argument is concerned, and is in no sense a play. Its slight applicability is only to France and Germany, where the birth-rate is important for military purposes. The other matters it sets forth in the tirades delivered by its characters are questions to which expert investigation and study have found no answers and which are not likely to be solved by the lay audiences of the theatre.

Besides which "Maternity" is dreary and not at all well acted.

MR. W. A. BRADY first tried out his new play, called "Sinners", and written by Mr. Owen Davis, on the convicts incarcerated at Sing Sing prison. They stayed through the performance and broke out into no violent signs of disapproval. They did not even invoke the constitutional provision against the infliction of cruel and unusual punishments. Encouraged by this, Mr. Brady brought "Sinners" to New York and exhibited this primitive, sentimental melodrama in a modern theatre to an audience which included the chain-gang of professional critics. These last also had to stay, but they still retain to a certain extent the right of free speech, and it has not been commendatory of "Sinners" as a play to amuse or edify the present generation of playgoers, particularly in New York City. It may prove



"GOLLY! WHAT A LOT OF FUN A FELLER COULD HAVE BURYING THOSE BONES!"

attractive in the rural districts, where it is still believed that all country folks are good and all city folks are bad. That great truth is not generally accepted here, and Mr. Davis's primitive way of setting it forth by contrast of characters is not likely to make it prevail.

Metcalf.

Life's Confidential Guide to the Theatres

Astor.—"Hello, Broadway!" Mr. George M. Cohan, its author, and Mr. William Collier as the stars in an elaborately staged musical show; extremely funny if you happen to be familiar with the plays produced in New York this season and with the personal history of Messrs. Cohan and Collier.

Belasco.—"The Phantom Rival." Last week of interesting and well-presented dream play adapted from the Hungarian to American surroundings.

Booth.—"Children of Earth." The Winthrop Ames ten-thousand-dollar prize play. Notice later.

Candler.—"On Trial." A new way of telling a murder story, which, combined with good acting, turns a not remarkable melodrama into very absorbing entertainment.

Casino.—"Experience." Sins and vices of to-day in their modern environment picturesquely exploited in the allegorical guise of an up-to-date morality play.

Cohan's.—"It Pays to Advertise." Extremely funny and well-staged farce with advertising and its methods as the principal theme.

Comedy.—"Lady Luxury." A pleasant but not remarkable girl-and-music show, with Ina Claire as the prima donna.

Cort.—"Under Cover." A sprightly, amusing and well-acted polite melodrama with smuggling and some aspects of our Customs Service as its basis.

Eltinge.—"The Song of Songs." Exposition of the life suggested by Sudermann's book of the same title, with the scenes transferred to America. Interesting only as a gratification of prurient curiosity concerning phases of existence usually kept under cover.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Law of the Land." A melodrama of murder in polite circles; interesting, well acted and a large part of the interest derived from an amusing exposition of police methods in dealing with baffling crime.

Forty-fourth Street.—"The Lilac Domino." Pleasant but not notable comic opera, with more attention than usual paid to the musical features, which are agreeably tuneful and well rendered.

Fulton.—"Twin Beds." Laughable farce showing that when gentlemen who are devotees of Bacchus return from their pouring out of libations they should make sure that they are returning to their own abodes.

Gaiety.—"Daddy Long-Legs." A wholesome little comedy with a touch of pathos and telling the story of a girl who started life as a foundling. Well done.

Globe.—"Chin-Chin." One of the cleverest and funniest of the musical shows; elaborately produced and with Mr. Fred Stone demonstrating that a talented comedian does not have to confine himself to the material that gave him his first reputation.

Harris.—Margaret Illington in "The Lie", by Henry Arthur Jones. A serious little drama of true sisterly intrigue; extremely interesting and well acted.

Hippodrome.—New winter circus.

Hudson.—"The Show Shop," by Mr. James Forbes. Facetious and well-acted farcical comedy dealing with the interior mechanism of play production.

Knickerbocker.—Marie Cahill and Richard Carle in "Ninety in the Shade". Notice later.

Little.—"A Pair of Silk Stockings." Very English farce by English company. Funny and well done in the English way.

Longacre.—"Secret Strings," by Kate Jordan. Mr. Lou-Tellegen, the romantic actor with French training, in a crime drama hovering between comedy and melodrama. In its entirety rather interesting.

Lyceum.—"Outcast," by Mr. Hubert Henry Davis. An interesting drama of London bachelor life, with Elsie Ferguson in a touching and humorous rôle, which she plays delightfully.

Lyric.—"The Only Girl," with score by Victor Herbert and the libretto a former comedy revived by Henry Blossom. Tuneful, funny and very well done.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Life." The methods of Drury Lane melodrama applied successfully to American life, characters and scenes. Big and interesting.

Marine Elliott's.—Last week of "The Hawk", with Mr. Faversham and Mlle. Dorziat. French society drama of the old school, with the interest hinging on a gambling intrigue. Interesting and well played.

Park.—"Polygamy." The dramatic possibilities of plural marriage as it was or is practiced in Utah and other Mormon States successfully exploited as entirely new stage material.

Playhouse.—"Sinners," by Mr. Owen Davis. See above.

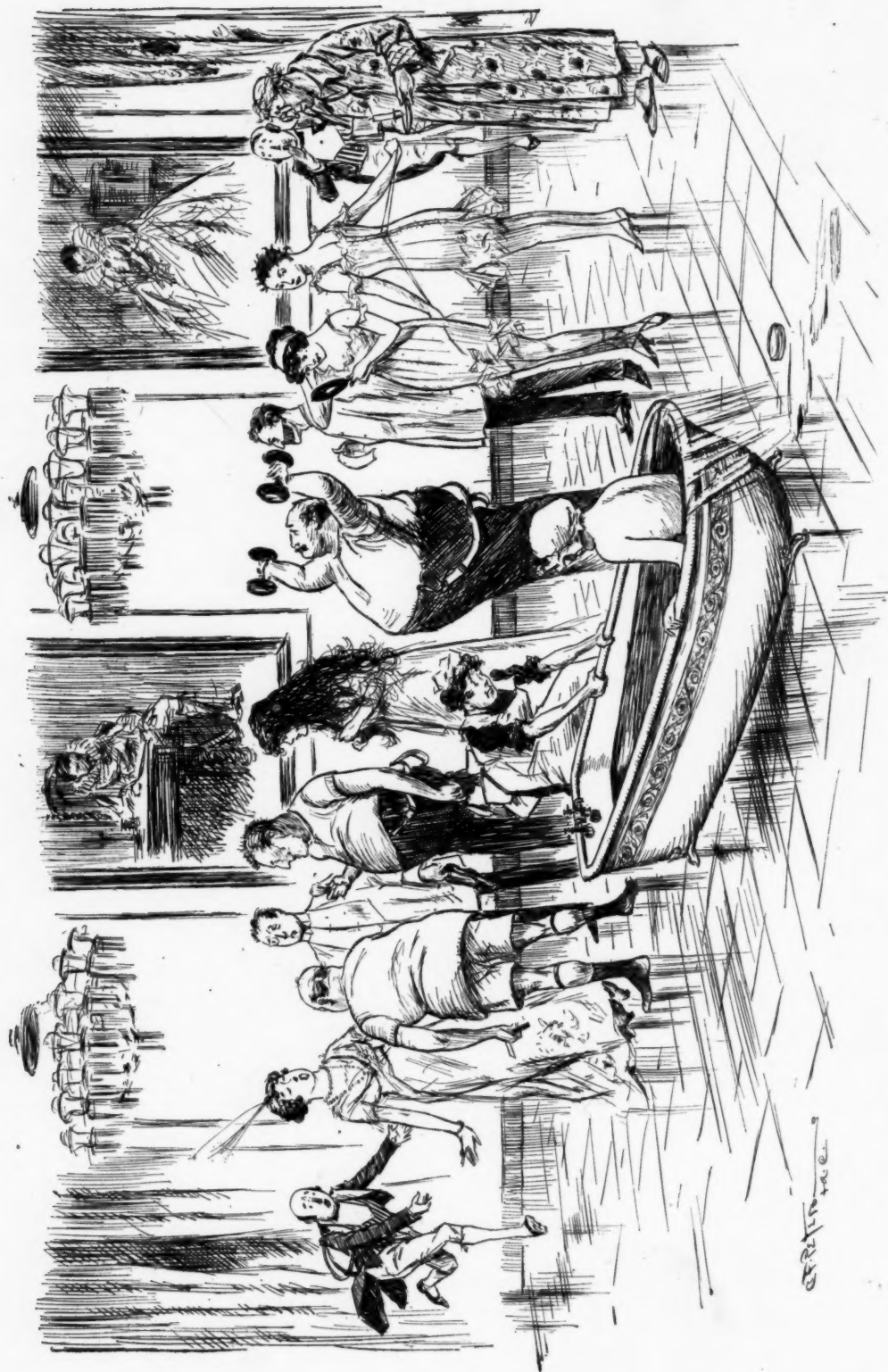
Princess.—Brieux's "Maternity", by Mr. Richard Bennett and company. See above.

Republic.—"Kick In." Very energetic drama of life in the criminal world. Absorbing and well done, with Mr. John Barrymore in the leading part.

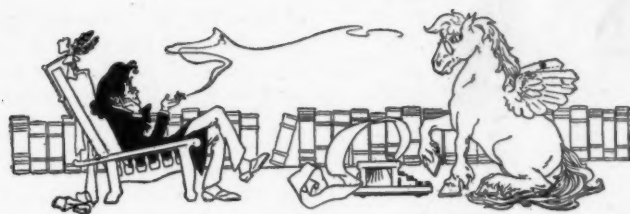
Shubert.—"To-night's the Night." London musical show founded on an old farce. Not wonderfully original, but most pleasing from the charming way in which it is done.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Marie Dressler in "A Mix-up", by Parker A. Hord. Crude farce, but made very funny by the personality of the star.

Winter Garden.—"Dancing Around," with Al Jolson as the star. Exactly the kind of entertainment that meets the approval of the t. h. m., because it is gorgeous and on a big scale, with a prodigious supply of chorus girls, ragtime, scenery and dancing. Daniel Webster never saw anything like it.



IF THOSE INVITATIONS TO "COME AS YOU ARE" WERE TAKEN LITERALLY



The Latest Books

MARY S. WATTS, the author of "The Tenants", of "Nathan Burke" and of "Van Cleve", has during the past ten years been doing single-handed for the contemporary and historic life of Ohio a similar fictional service to that which the so-called Indiana School of Novelists did for the life of their State. No recent American writer has excelled her in the difficult fictional feat of making us conscious of the life of a community as a background for the life of her characters. And no one has quite equalled her in impaling the living spirit of a period (especially of the 1890's) upon the pin of a story. These two abilities are again displayed in her new novel, "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" (Macmillan, \$1.35) in which the development of a Cincinnati slum waif is depicted for us as an integral part of the Middle Western development of that decade. The tale needs pruning. And the fact that it is truer to life than to the spirit of romance may curtail its popularity. But it is one of the most genuinely American, as well as of the most intrinsically interesting, novels of the season.

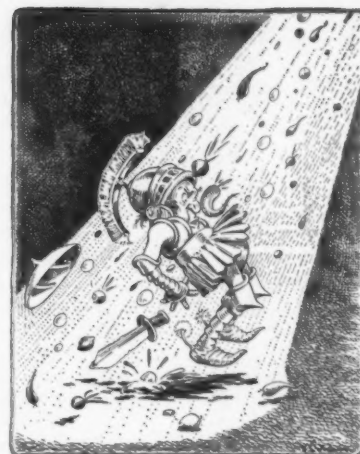
MEREDITH NICHOLSON (of the Indiana school aforesaid), who never offended against the spirit of romance in his life for the excellent reason that he was born with rose-tinted lenses already fitted to his genial novelist eyes, has framed a delightful sketch of his friend and fellow schoolman, James Whitcomb Riley, in a "now-be-good" little story called "The Poet" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.30). Riley, in real life, is a love-compelling personality. To see him in idolizing Indianapolis, modestly enjoying the unique experience of tasting posthumous fame in his own lifetime, is to witness a fairy tale come true. And Nicholson's sketch of him is a speaking likeness, even though the story he has framed it in is tinselish.

PATRICK MAGGILL'S "Children of the Dead End" (Dutton, \$1.35) is the latest addition to an increasingly

valuable literature which is one of the peculiar products of our time—a literature of essentially autobiographic fiction dealing interpretatively with the life of the lowly; written by men who, in the economic and educational boiling of the modern social pot, have risen to the surface from depths of hitherto inarticulate humanity. The book gives the story of an Irish village lad, farmhand and navvy (or unskilled pick and shovel wielder on railway and mining work), and makes us free of the pitiful yet deeply interesting company of his ever-changing world. It is not, as was, for example, Bryce's "The Story of a Ploughboy", quite free from fictitious sentiment; but it is a genuine piece of cross-fertilization in social understanding.

THERE is a genre of current versifying that employs the aseptic dressing of poetic form to indemnify the surgical exploration of the sores of civilization. And Gilbert Frankau's "Tid'apa" ("What does it matter?")—an exotically colorful narrative poem dealing with the ineffectual attempt of a whiskey agent at Aden to rescue a girl from the slum-sink of that moral pest-hole, reprinted from the English Review (Huebsch, 75 cents)—appears to be an honest try at its employment. But, although there is skillful scalpel in some of its lines, the thing as a whole is nothing more truly surgical than the useless turning of sentimentality inside out.

THE word "essay" is entirely too formal in its connotations to be nicely applicable to the eight intimate and smiling monologues in print that are contained in Simeon Strunsky's "Belshazzar Court" (Holt, \$1.25). Yet "essay" is, in its literary signification, a word without synonyms. At any rate, Mr. Strunsky's talks about "village life in New York"—about cliff-dwelling in a huge uptown apartment building, and about various aspects of the work-a-day, and work-by-night, and recreational crowd-spirit of the city, are worth while,



FAMILIAR INTERJECTIONS
"BY THE GODS!"

by whatever name one calls them, because of the unaffected first-hand quality of the fresh observation that has inspired them.

BUT the moment's most surprisingly and rewardingly worth-while bit of fresh observation on supposedly familiar scenes is to be found in Julian Street's big, fat American wander-book, "Abroad at Home" (Century, \$2.50). The thing only happens occasionally. But every now and then the best part of some party comes when the guests have all gone and the family sits down to talk it over. Dickens and Kipling and Wells and Bennett, and all the other "400" foreigners who have accepted our invitation to come over and write books about us, have been, and done, and gone. And here is one of ourselves, walking up and down the home hearth rug, and talking more intimately and naturally and entertainingly than them all. We think we are tired of the subject. But while Julian Street talks on it we put off going to bed.

J. B. Kerfoot.

"GOD is marching with the Russians, with the Austrians and with the Germans."

"Yes, God seems to be with everybody but the Belgians, who were minding their own business."

A WASTED life is one that can't be comfortable in the present, but spends its time regretting the past or anticipating the future.



THE MOUNTAIN TO MAHOMET

The Curious Deliverance of Professor Terry

ONE of the arguments against military preparation which recently occupied distinguished places on the front page of the *Evening Post* was that of Professor Charles Thaddeus Terry, of Columbia University.

"I suppose," said Professor Terry, "the most appalling humiliation which can befall an individual or a nation is that which comes with the consciousness of inability to meet a pressing situation; the conviction of helplessness when there is a clear possibility of rendering help in a difficult emergency."

One agrees with him heartily as to that. But he argues that we Americans are in danger of this appalling humiliation because, with a great chance coming to give the world a glorious example of the beauty of disarmament, we may be caught with a few futile weapons concealed on our national person. "If we could but have the courage of our convictions at just this critical time," exclaims the professor. "If we only dared to act as we believe. If instead of increasing our armament at this time we dared to reduce it, what an example to the world it would be!"

He goes on to exhibit to us the

harrowing example of Belgium. What he says is most interesting:

I would not have had her yield without a struggle in defense of her honor, but her losses, nevertheless, are just in proportion to her power of resistance. . . . If Belgium had had no armament at all, her country would be intact to-day. Her thousands of dead would be alive and happy. Her people would not be scattered abroad and starving. Her women and children would not be widowed and orphaned; if she had not been armed, she could not have resisted; and yet her honor would have been vindicated in the court of world-opinion, and any damage which she had suffered would have been required to be paid by that same world-opinion.

He would have had Belgium fight all she could, but would have kept her unprepared, so as to be easily licked and without much damage. That is the suggestion he seems to make also to the United States, with boundless resources and a hundred million people. How fine, how inexpressibly fine, he suggests, for us to reduce armament right at this critical time, so that if anyone should pile in on us we may be easily thrashed and not much injured!

One would not like to say in print what Professor Terry seems to talk like. One can understand the claim for non-resistance. Non-resistance is a form

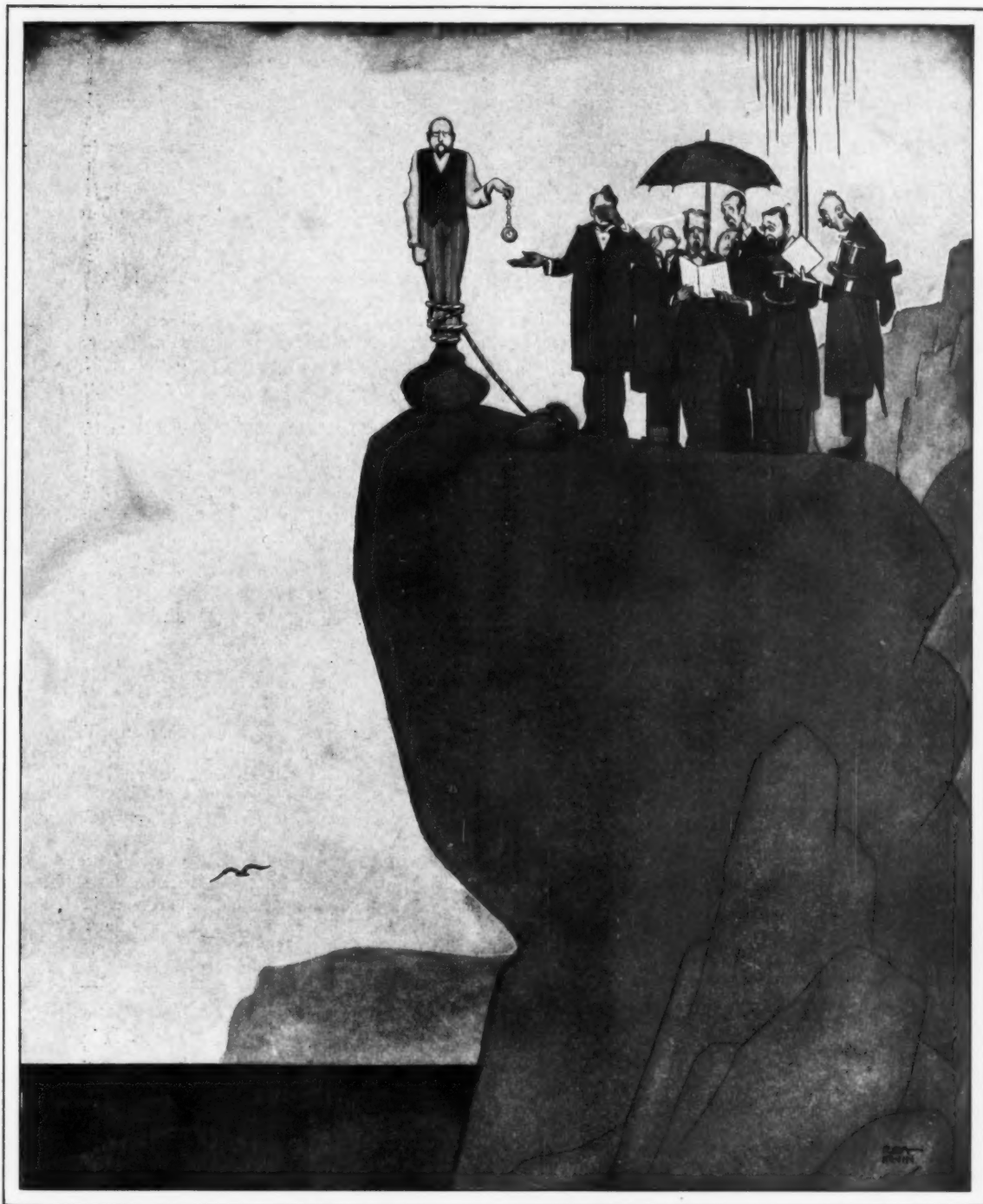
of opposition, and there are those who hold that it is the strongest form of opposition and the only one that cannot be beaten. If Professor Terry can induce the American people to come out consciously and advisedly for non-resistance, it will be immensely interesting to watch how the experiment comes out. But there is all the difference conceivable between being non-resistant and merely ineffectively resistant. The non-resistant may be a saint and one of perfect courage, but for the merely inoffensive person it is doubtful whether there are crowns of glory anywhere a-waiting. We Americans are very pacific people, but we have never as a people embraced the doctrine of non-resistance, and we would not make a graceful figure posing as an inoffensive nation that has thrown away its gun because the world has grown so quarrelsome.

If the United States should reduce or neglect its armament at this time, it would not be because we chose submission as a wiser and nobler course than resistance, but merely because we thought the chance was very slight that any considerable adversary would

(Continued on page 128.)



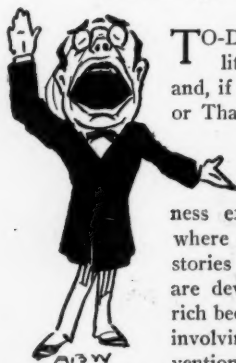
"I WISH YE'D QUIT YER CRYIN', VIOLET. YER FACE IS GETTIN' ALL MUDDY"



CLUBS WE DO NOT CARE TO JOIN
THE SEMI-MONTHLY SUICIDE CLUB

"They Say"

(Recent Opinions, Epigrammatic or Otherwise, by Some of Our Wise and Near-Wise Men and Women)



TO-DAY the family circle does not meet for literary exercises—has no time for them—and, if it has, father does not read from Dickens or Thackeray or the poets.

And because we live in a commercial age and the people are thinking as never before of money accumulation and business expansion and gigantic enterprises everywhere I perceive a growing fascination for stories of the practical, of how great fortunes are developed, of how money is made and lost, rich become poor—stories of business construction involving millions and of the application of invention to every-day needs.

But were you to ask me to name the kind of news for which the people surge and struggle—the most popular kind of news printed—I surely must reply that it is the details of a contest—a fight.—*Chester S. Lord, former Managing Editor of "The Sun".*

If to-morrow any first-class military power should attack the United States in force and should succeed in getting her warships and soldier-laden transports past our fleet, landed out of range of our coast defenses, once fairly ashore she could pulverize our small regular army and punish us to a humiliating degree, if not actually make us sue for peace, before we could raise and train a volunteer army adequate to cope with the invaders.

—*Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War.*

Let us not forget that every law intended to regulate the sale of liquor is a farce when it does not embody the sentiment of the community in which it is to be enforced. It is a breeder of fraud and corruption and of contempt for constituted authority.

—*Oscar W. Underwood.*

These are the days when Christianity is on trial.

—*John Wanamaker.*

The American of 1914 is far below the physical standards of his progenitors. It is easily imaginable that fifty per cent. of the men examined by life insurance companies and hospital physicians would have to be rejected in a physical test for military service.—*Dr. Kopp, Assistant Statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.*

Men don't consider us as human beings. They are logical enough in discussing men, but when they refer to us it is not as women, but as aunts, wives, sisters, cousins, sweethearts. They cannot talk of women unless sentiment knocks them off their base.—*Dr. Anna Howard Shaw.*

I think golf is one of the greatest games for the promotion of the health of men over forty-five that I know of. It is an admirable form of exercise, it is consistent with social enjoyment, it trains one in self-restraint, it introduces one to nature in its most attractive form, and it has no bad results, except that in the outset it may tempt to profanity.—*Ex-President William H. Taft.*

The life of a brain-worker should consist of forty years of preparation and forty years of fruitful labor; but many leaders in thought are found giving out in the fifties, nearly all of the remainder in the sixties, with only a few enjoying active work in the seventies.

—*Dr. Louis F. Bishop, of Fordham University.*

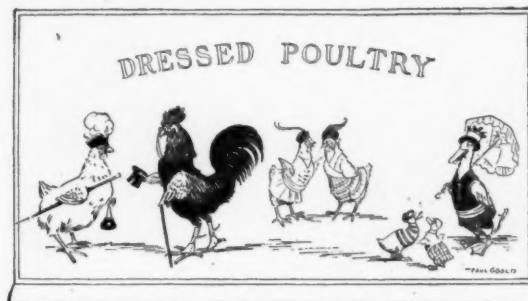
If the adequately trained journalist once has full control of the American newspapers, I care not what Congress legislates or State Legislature enacts, the future of the American people is in the hands of our graduates.—*Talcott Williams, Dean of the Columbia University School of Journalism.*

Whoever may win in the present war, we are doomed to fight the winner. The only thing that could save us would be for the conflict to end in a draw.—*Hudson Maxim, in an address at the Bedford Presbyterian Church.*

Think of Belgium and Poland. Oh, man with a grouch, slink into your hole and pull it in after you! There think of your sins and your blessings and come out with your courage in working order.

—*William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce.*

The war will last at least one year and probably two or more. Germany cannot win, because the side having the greater number of men and resources available is sure to be the victor. Germany will be worn down after long conflict.—*Thomas A. Edison.*



IF WE BELIEVED IN SIGNS



THOSE AWFUL MOMENTS
THE WRONG FLAT



"OH, STEWARD! I'M GETTIN' SO SEASICK I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!"
 "DON'T WORRY, MA'AM, YOU'LL DO IT."

Modified Marriage Comes a Cropper

OUR feminist friends who see relief from human embarrassment in relaxation of the prejudice against miscellaneous attachments which is embodied in marriage, are invited to give close attention to the Rogers case, running, at this writing, in the daily papers.

Rogers seems to have been a man unusually attractive to women, and untrammelled by any prejudice that conflicted with his willingness to afford marital satisfactions according to his ability. All the women he married, or ought to have married, seem to have been deserving, and all were permanently attached to him. Moreover, all of them seem to have known of his relations with the others; none of them complain of him, and none, apparently, resented his polygamous condition. His first wife, from whom he was divorced, hardly counts in the story, except that he leaned on her as an habitual friend and kept in constant communication with her. His lawful wife seems to have been a woman of character and great forbearance. According to advanced feminist principles, the unlawful wife should have got on pretty well. No one, apparently, persecuted her. She had a piece of a man, and liked her fragment. She had two children and

loved them. As the feminists see the life of the future, she should have been fairly content. Instead of which she found, poor soul, that she had undertaken more than she could endure.

Perhaps Mrs. Milholland Boissevain, who is so frank an advocate of modifications of marriage, will explain what was the particular trouble in this case that led to so distressing a tragedy. Here was marriage amply modified, and fairly good people involved; but, heavens! what an issue!



HANDCUFFS

The Prussian Orgy

THESE extracts, from German proclamations, taken from the report of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry, make cheerful reading:

One of the proclamations issued in Liège on August 22d by General von Bülow reads as follows:

The inhabitants of the town of Ardenne, after having declared their peaceful intentions, have made a surprise attack on our troops. It is with my consent that the Commander-in-Chief has ordered the whole town to be burned and that about one hundred people have been shot.

I bring this fact to the knowledge of the city of Liège so that the citizens may realize the fate with which they are menaced if they adopt a similar attitude.

Another portion of the same proclamation says:

Each street will be occupied by a German guard, who will take ten hostages in each street, whom they will keep in custody. If any outrage is committed in the street the ten hostages will be shot.

The city of Brussels (exclusive of its suburbs) has been punished for the crime committed by its Policeman Ryckere against a German soldier by an additional fine of five million francs (about one million dollars).

And much more of the same color—always red.

Germans seem surprised that the sympathies of the world are not with them.



NO, THIS IS NOT THE VIOLENT WARD. IT'S ONLY THE BLANK FAMILY TRYING TO REMEMBER A TUNE THEY HEARD AT THE OPERA LAST NIGHT

A Great Question Settled

WORD comes that Vassar girls have adopted a baby, a number of students having clubbed together and taken one over. If this movement becomes general, will it tend to relieve sociological pressure?—whatever that is. There is, in some quarters, an over-production of babies. The matter, we venture to assert, is far deeper than it seems, not only involving a great principle, but arguing much for the future. It is from small beginnings like this that great movements spread.

Most of the troubles that come to collective mankind are due to an unequal distribution of babies. The majority of those who have babies have more than they can afford. Those who do not have babies are obliged to expend their maternal instincts on just-as-good-as expedients, such as lady suffrage, clothes, autos and the higher forms of literature. Thus there is the same condition among the

women that there was in financial circles up to the time that the Federal Reserve Board was established. The Vassar girls, therefore, may be building better than they know.

The Federal Reserve Baby Board of the future might easily be able, if kept out of politics, to do more for mankind than any other agency. In case of marked hysteria in any direction, consider what the effect would be if the remedy were at hand and immediately applied? A suffrage movement could easily be quelled by a proper application of emergency babies. Woman's confidence would speedily be restored.

A reservoir of reserve babies under the care of the board would be one of the nation's greatest assets. The mothers, too poor to take care of them, would be relieved from responsibility. And there would be enough babies on hand to raise armies, to try experiments upon, and to regulate the usual forms of feminine hysteria.



"BE A SPORT. COME AROUND AND FIGHT FAIR"



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

The Wise Fool

"Dead men tell no tales," observed the Sage.

"Maybe not," replied the Fool. "But their tombstones are awful liars."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MANY veterans can recall the powerful and persuasive eloquence of Colonel Morrow, of Detroit, when he was calling for patriots to enlist in the Civil War. Just after the battle of Fredericksburg a deserter was brought before him. Nothing so roused the colonel's indignation as a willful desertion or cowardice, and he turned on the weak-kneed soldier in a towering rage and said: "What do you mean by deserting your post in the hour of your country's peril? Have you no feeling of patriotism? Why did you ever enlist if you are such a coward?"

"Well, colonel," said the soldier, "if you want to know I'll tell you why I enlisted. It was that damned speech of yours at Livonia."—Argonaut.



Instructor: NOW, ALL YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER WHEN YOU ALIGHT IS TO KEEP YOUR BODY LEANING FORWARD AT AN ANGLE OF THIRTY DEGREES, YOUR POLE HELD HORIZONTALLY IN FRONT OF YOU, YOUR SKIS EXACTLY PARALLEL ABOUT EIGHT INCHES APART, HOLD YOUR HEAD WELL BACK, AND YOUR KNEES DIRECTLY ABOVE YOUR ANKLES

The Invasion Begins

"I tink, by gar, I moov down States,
Dere all mans dey be free;
Susette 'nd me, we emigrates,
Mon wife, he cum wit me.

"Dese mans up here talk grat beeg war,
Dat mak me mooch afrait;
I don no wat dis fitin' for,
But guns,—dey shoot dam strait.

"Dat Sultan man say 'holi war',
De Zar hees ikon kees;
Beeg Kiser man he fite, by gar,
He tink dat war be hees.

"Bien-vite la prayer, en suite bataille,
Each mans do odder hates;
I no go fite wit dat canaille,
I hike down Unite States.

"Allons chérie, pack portmanteau,
We keep away dis war;
Joost cum along wit hosban Jo.,
Adieu dis Canadah!"

—H. F. W., in Wall Street Journal.

Pantheistic

"You admit you are guilty, then,"
thundered the judge.

"Ah do, jedge. Ah's guilty. Ah stole
dem pants. But, your honah, dere ain't
no sin when de motive am good. Ah
stole dem pants to get baptized in."

—Harper's Magazine.

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PLYMOUTH

Dry Gin

A tip to the man who
prides himself on his Cock-
tails.

"Use Coates' Plymouth
Dry Gin and your reputation
is made."

ALEX D **SHAW** & CO NY



THE ULTIMATE CONSUMER



THE EARLY DAYS OF A SELF-MADE MAN

We Should Worry

WHAT can be done with a man like Moses Wohl, a New Yorker, who recently celebrated his hundredth birthday, and who gave, in the *Times*, as his recipe for a long life the

Smoking of an average of eight cigars a day, and several pipefuls of strong tobacco, drinking a few glasses of beer with his meals, playing pinocle every night, taking long walks, climbing up four flights of stairs occasionally instead of riding up in an elevator, and, in general, keeping amused doing what he likes and avoiding worry about his health.

Moses Wohl ought to be investigated. He is a menace to society. He has never been on a diet. He probably doesn't know what the word hygiene means. We'll bet he has never been inoculated with any serum. He has never been in a sanitarium. No specialist or "system" has cured him of anything. He never met a microbe face to face.

What industries would perish if the scheme of life practiced by Moses

When—

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., the famous novelist and statesman, writes—

"I have used your Sanatogen with extraordinary benefit. Sanatogen is, to my mind, a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

—and when Lady Henry Somerset, the noted social reform advocate, writes—

"Sanatogen undoubtedly invigorates the nerves and braces the patient to health. I have watched its effect on people whose nervous systems had been completely undermined, and I have proved Sanatogen to be most valuable."

—and when John Burroughs, the celebrated naturalist, says in one of his characteristic letters—

"I am sure I have been greatly benefited by Sanatogen. My sleep is fifty per cent better than it was a year ago, and my mind and strength are much improved."

—when scores of other famous people write in a similar strain—and when more than 21,000 physicians, after watching Sanatogen's influence upon thousands of cases, write letters to tell how they have seen it rebuild shattered systems, and recall lost appetite and slumber and recharge the whole nervous system with a new vigor and a new elasticity.

—when you think of this wonderful testimony—when you think of the years that Sanatogen has been before the medical profession and of the unequalled tribute paid it in medical journals and text-books—how can you refuse to try Sanatogen, if your nerves need help—refuse to give it a chance to help you to better health as it has so many others?

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in three sizes, from \$1.00 up.

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

SANATOGEN

ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

Send

for Elbert Hubbard's new book—"Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is FREE. Tear this off as a reminder to address THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 24-E Irving Place, New York.

Wohl should become known and should be practiced! Hygienists would have to make an honest living. The medical profession would dwindle and all specialists would perish. Centenarians would be as common as daisies in spring.

Good-naturedness

AS a substitute for real ability, good-naturedness is not to be despised. Indeed, is there any known quality for which it may not successfully act as a

substitute? A political economist, if he be good-natured, may even be borne with. We feel, in general, kindly toward philosophers. They are usually harmless and offer us no particular friction of the sort that adds to our daily round of irritabilities. But what about an ill-natured philosopher?

Good-naturedness keeps many a man in his job and enables him to support his folks decently, when otherwise there would be no excuse for him. It is one of the most important of human assets.

CALOX

The OXYGEN Tooth Powder

Prevents Decay

Dentists advise its use.

All Druggists, 25 Cents.

Trial Size Can and Booklet sent on receipt of Five Cents.

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E. P. DUTTON & CO., Publishers, 681 5th Ave., N. Y.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Inconsistent

"Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh?" queried the minister, in talking with one of the deacons at a meeting.

"No, sir; I don't," replied the deacon. "You've been preachin' on the subject of resignation for two years, an' ye haven't resigned yet."—*Tit-Bits*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Those "Crook" Plays

"What's the show?" asked the man with a large hat and long hair.

"Hamlet," said the box-office man.

"What's it like?"

"Well, a man murders his stepfather out of revenge for the murder of his own father. At the finish there is a mix-up with swords and poison, and—"

"That'll do. I guess I'll stroll out and see a cabaret. I'm tired of these crook plays."—*Washington Star*.

DRILL-SERGEANT (to recruit): I've told you forty times, you must stand up as straight as if you'd swallowed a ramrod. Instead of that, you appear to have swallowed a dozen scimitars!—*Tit-Bits*.



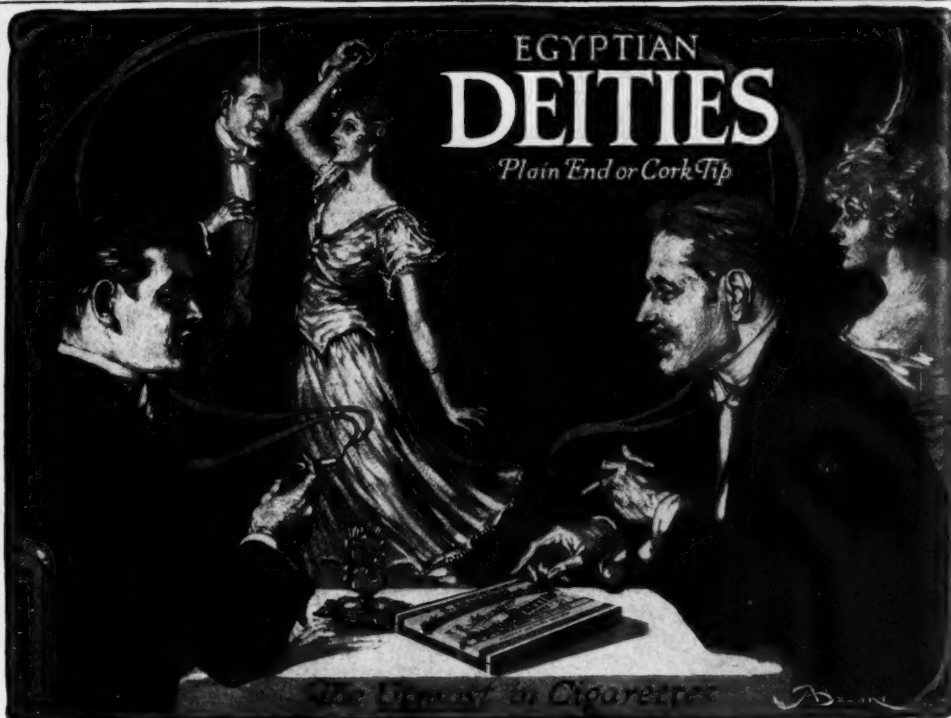
"WOE, WOE, IS ME!"

I can neither live with her nor without her," says the man in the Sanskrit version of this Garden of Eden story.

The modern application in this clever de luxe book pleases every man and all women with a sense of humor.

Send postal order for 50 cents for sample copy. Three copies with gift cards and envelopes for mailing sent to one address for \$1.00.

C. F. SMITH, 185 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.



Sartorial Note

SHE: Women are more resourceful than men.

HE: I guess that's right. A man has to get his clothes made to fit his shape, but a woman can get her shape made to fit her clothes.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Sticking to His Post

With but three minutes to catch his train, the traveling salesman inquired of the street-car conductor, "Can't you go faster than this?"

"Yes," the bell-ringer replied, "but I have to stay with my car."

—*Harper's Magazine*.

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An exceptionally cool, mellow and fragrant long cut pipe tobacco of choicest quality.

Half-pound tins - \$1.25

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FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 East 31st St., N. Y. That's All!



GOOD, BAD AND INDIFFERENT

Making Colorado's Acquaintance



THERE is every reason to hope that we shall know something about Colorado before another decade rolls away. Adding promised investigations to those that have already been held, it bids fair to be the most exhaustively investigated commonwealth that ever aspired to recognition among civilized people.

It has been investigated by employers' organizations and by employees' organizations, and by the President's special representatives. It has been investigated by a detachment of the army. It has been investigated by Congress. It has been investigated by the Committee on Industrial Relations. It has been investigated by at least two of its own Governors. Mr. Rockefeller, the stockholder, has had certain of his representatives investigate it. Mr. Rockefeller, the philanthropist, is to have other representatives investigate it. Before he finishes he will no doubt have it investigated on behalf of himself as a Baptist, as a golfer and as anything else that he happens to be. It has been investigated by scores of correspondents of newspapers and less frequent periodicals. It has been investigated by Federated Churches, Organized Womanhood, Civic Associations and the like, to say nothing of myriads of detached citizens and citizenesses.

And yet we know very little positive about Colorado. True we have heard that Mr. Rockefeller is willing to lose everything if necessary to protect his faithful mine employees, and we see that the said faithful employees have not accumulated anything to lose in working for Mr. Rockefeller's interests. Yet no two investigations agree with each other sufficiently to suit the average conscientious individual. The average conscientious individual wants overwhelming evidence before making up his mind on a matter of this kind, and not until Mr. Debs and Mr. Rockefeller sign their names to the same treaty of peace is he likely to venture an opinion.

In the meantime we are all reading every investigator's report with avidity in the hope that we shall all become so familiar with Colorado's crooks, twists, mannerisms and lineaments that she may yet be as well known a figure as Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Hohenzollern or Mrs. Pankhurst.

E. O. J.



"I WANT TO SHOW THESE DRAWINGS TO THE EDITOR"
"IF YOU TAKE MY TIP YOU'LL WAIT TILL TO-MORROW. HE WAS AT A STAG DINNER LAST NIGHT"



Most punctures are unnecessary

Every experienced motorist knows that most punctures, so-called, are caused by faulty tubes rather than actual, accidental incision through the tire. Leakage around valves, porous rubber and worn spots are only a few of the unnecessary troubles common to cheap machine-made tubes.

The way to avoid needless punctures is to equip your car with tubes properly made by hand out of real rubber. Kelly-Springfield Tubes are made that way—and we make them slowly enough and in small enough quantity to make them right. If you are tired of needless tube trouble, try them.

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Send for "Documents in Evidence" which tells the experience of others

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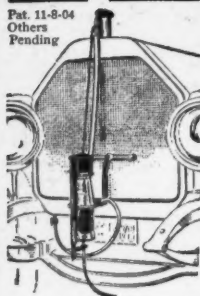
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The Southern Tire & Repair Co.,

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The Olmsted Co., Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.
Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
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For heating the water circulating system of an automobile independent of the motor.

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Increases the efficiency of the motor 50%.

The Neverout Radiator and Garage Heater—applies the heat directly where required—no waste; uses city gas (protected by gauze like miner's safety lamp) or electricity. Neat and compact, hangs on garage wall when not in use.

IT SOLVES THE COLD GARAGE PROBLEM

Was a phenomenal success last winter. Enjoy your car this winter.

See our Exhibit at the Chicago Auto Show.
Address Dept. V for descriptive literature.

ROSE MFG. CO., 910 Arch St., PHILA., PA.
Makers of the well-known Neverout Lamps

Housekeeping

HOUSEKEEPING is divided into two grand divisions—heavy and light. The former is usually done by the mistress and the latter by the servants.

Housekeeping is not like vaudeville or the "movies", which close up during certain parts of the day. Housekeeping is the only genuine, Simon-pure continuous performance.

The art of housekeeping is very old, and begins with the day when Eve tried to palm off an apple on Adam, under the specious plea that she was handing him a square meal; and all this when the only other thing they had in the refrigerator was a fig-leaf salad.

In the few years since Eve did this—and it seems but yesterday—housekeeping has varied but little. It still consists in preserving the appearance of getting a square meal, while the president of the Federal Reserve National Prosperity and Mutual Admiration Society leans back on the front steps and watches the cost of living through his trusty binoculars.

The basic features of housekeeping are a wife, a cook and a house. Also a working knowledge of how to get your own meals in an emergency.

Exhibition of Paintings

BY **JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.**

January 18th to 30th

His exhibition at Grosvenor Gallery was the sensation of last season in London Art circles.

C. W. KRAUSHAAR, 260 Fifth Ave., New York
Near 29th Street

The Outfit

THE age limit for new dances has been set by a New York judge, who declares that they should not be undertaken by a man who is over thirty-five. This judge's decision is not important in itself. No one who wants to do so will stop dancing on account of it, no matter how old he is. But it is a good illustration of what foolish things judges can do. A judge's decisions may be compared to those of a gambler before a roulette table. There are a limited number of combinations. The judge puts the prisoner on the one which he thinks, all things considered, will be the most favorable for himself and the community. The judge's stake is his reputation—often times a small one. The community pays for the upkeep, which includes the expense of providing the game, the jail, the judge and the prisoner's board. All these things are necessary, because the community has discovered no method of eliminating them.



Dr. Blackford Will Teach You

Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford formulated this science during fifteen years of study, research, travel and practice. A scientist and businesswoman combined, a physician, a lecturer, a counselor of thousands of people, she makes no statement she has not verified—she gives no instruction that is not practical. She was paid \$16,000 a year to install the Blackford Employment Plan in one industrial establishment. She is now ready to give you her invaluable knowledge and experience. She and her staff of assistants will teach you personally.

Know Other Men and Win

In the hard struggle of this day for business and social supremacy, even a small advantage counts. You were born with certain talents and you have guarded them carefully. Here is one great advantage—the biggest you can possibly have. You did not have to be born with it; you can acquire it. When you know men and women—big and little, high and low—you can co-operate with them and get them to co-operate with you to your mutual profit and happiness. Down to the smallest detail and up to the largest events in your life you can use this science. You will come to use it instinctively all the time. You will see opportunities that otherwise you would pass by. You will see futures for your children that you did not dream of. You will see fine points in your dearest friend you never knew were there.

Send your analysis of this face or, if you prefer, send only the coupon for the full story. But do it now—today.

Send the Coupon at Once

WOULD YOU EMPLOY THIS MAN?

You are probably a good judge of character now. Try this test on yourself and see how good. Answer these questions:

Would you employ this man? If so, would you employ him as

- | | |
|---------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Salesman? | (a) Is he healthy? |
| 2. Executive? | (b) Intelligent? |
| 3. Clerk? | (c) Honest? |
| 4. Cashier? | (d) Industrious? |
| 5. Mechanic? | (e) Aggressive? |
| 6. Chemist? | (f) Would you choose him as a friend? |

Size up this man as if he were actually an applicant for a position in your organization and you were obliged to decide without any assistance from references or recommendations.

Send your analysis to me and I will send you a brief of his record and my analysis of him, made solely from his photographs. I will also tell you how you can learn to judge men from such data by use of the

Science of Character Analysis

21 Practical Lessons by Mail—Illustrated

In this course you learn to judge others quickly and accurately. You learn to know what a man's appearance means—his face, his head, his hands, his eyes, his expression, his walk, his handwriting—everything about him. You do not measure his head or ask him questions or let him know in any way what you are doing.

There are no repetitions, no theories, but a clean-cut presentation of the principles underlying human character—with so many photographs, diagrams and charts that you can learn and apply the principles rapidly and easily.

These lessons were prepared for the busy man. Carry them in your pocket. Study the faces about you. You'll never have a dull moment after you've begun this study. You cannot learn this science in any other way. The knowledge contained in these lessons has never been published before in any form.

Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.

30 Irving Place

New York

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Review of Reviews
Co., 30 Irving Place
New York

Please send me full particulars about the Science of Character Analysis. Also send correct analysis of the man shown on this page. Both without charge.

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You Can Have Such A Fine Figure

For Men and Women—For Young and Old

No matter what your age, or how far from normal your appearance, unless absolutely deformed, you can remodel your figure, making it what you wish it to be and what Nature intended.

You can reduce flesh without loss of time, dieting or discomfort and instantly produce a smart, well-set-up appearance.

For the Slender or the Fat—If you are becoming fat; if your figure is not all you desire; if you wish to present a better appearance,



The Magic Figure Mold

will give you the help you need. It at once distributes flesh and removes all signs of bumps and bulges. Produces an immediate reduction of from two to four inches over abdomen, back and hips, and reduces the inner as well as the outer side of the limbs. Reduction is instantaneous and soon becomes permanent. Causes no undue heat, perspiration or injurious constriction, but permits unrestricted use of the limbs. Endorsed by physicians and surgeons.

A Garment That Does the Work—A Reducer That Will Reduce

Many wearers claim that under the support given the limbs and the stimulus the pressure imparts to circulation, stiffened joints relax, softened muscles are strengthened and exercise becomes a joy. The garment carries the weight of the body and soon eliminates undesirable flesh.

The perfect poise and freedom from strain relieves tension, and even the facial expression is improved. Men and women of affairs declare that the gentle pressure of these garments gives them a well-knit feeling which makes them look 10 to 20 years younger and actually helps them concentrate their thoughts and get through masses of work they would not have believed possible.

Sold only through the manufacturers and by a few exclusive shops, whose names will be provided upon request. Accept no substitute. Write for particulars and descriptive booklet free.

The Magic Figure Mold Co., 54 E. Broad St., Columbus, O.



"NOW, SIRE, HERE IS THE MAP OF NEW YORK, SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER—"

"MEIN GOTT! I CAN'T SHOOT AROUND THE CORNER!"



Of course you are going to the
Panama Exposition!

First step, get

ABROAD AT HOME

Julian Street wrote it
Wallace Morgan made the fifty pictures

Its informal, spicy, vivid talk about American cities and their ways makes you glad that—even if you aren't by way of traveling to Europe just now—there is such an interesting and colorful country right here to get acquainted with.

Hildegarde Hawthorne says in the *New York Times*:

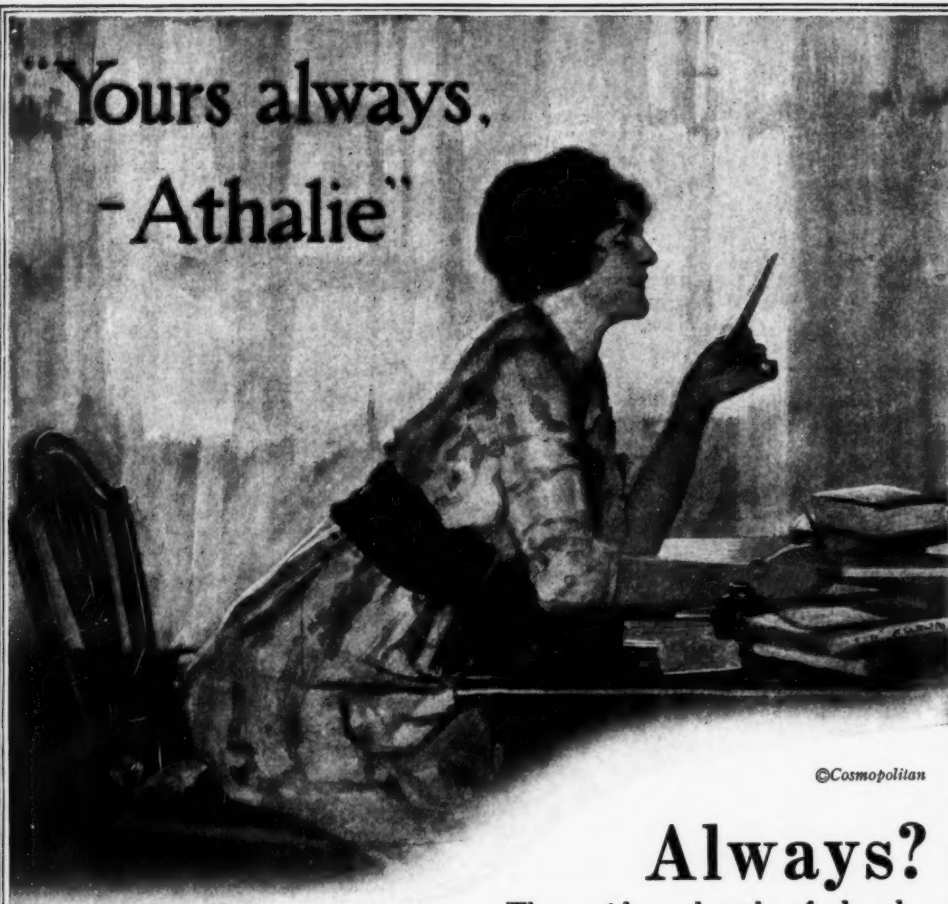
"The most engaging, the most American, the most amusing and satisfying and interesting record of a joyful pilgrimage imaginable.

"Any one who wants to do something really worth while with \$2.50 will expend it in acquiring a copy."

THE CENTURY CO., Publishers

A Safety Valve

THEY tell us that about one-fifth of our railroad securities are owned abroad. This ought to encourage us not a little. True, we are a world-power, but even a world-power shouldn't be too powerful. If we should get the idea that we were wealthy enough and powerful enough to own our own railroads, so that, when war came, foreign investors would not want to sell us our securities at prices which were so attractive as to fill us all with panic and upset the financial writers so that they were more obfuscated than usual, there is no knowing what might be the result. It might make us so arrogant and purse-proud and power-proud that it would be impossible to live in the same country with ourselves.



©Cosmopolitan

Always?

Thus, without thought of what the future may bring we promise—and forget.

But Athalie knew. Though an impassable barrier stood between this man and herself, though law and convention forbade their marriage, she knew, by a strange gift of vision that had been hers since birth, that she was his—always. But even to her keen sight the tragedy of the future was not revealed—and that is the story.

"Athalie," Robert W. Chambers' New Novel

is at once the most unusual and most fascinating story that has yet come from this master-novelist. The illustrations are by Frank Craig, best known for his remarkable drawings for Hall Caine's "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."

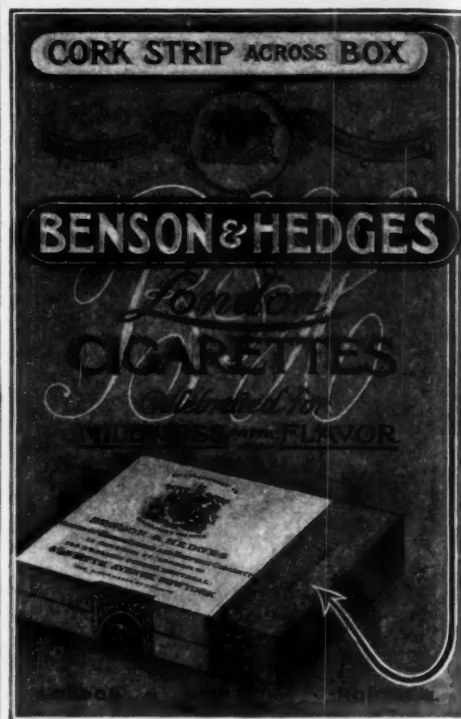
Mail the coupon opposite with a quarter and we will send you Cosmopolitan Magazine for three months. This is a saving of 44%. Fill in, tear off and mail today.

Cosmopolitan Magazine

119 West 40th Street

New York City

Gentlemen: I want to read "Athalie." For the 25c enclosed please enter my name to receive Cosmopolitan for the next three months. I understand that this special money-saving offer is open to subscribers in the United States only.



The Curious Deliverance of Professor Terry

(Continued from page 116.)

undertake to meddle with us. If we thought our capacity for self-defense was likely to be put to the test, we would arm to the eyebrows without an instant of delay. We have given the world all the example of forbearance that it needs in our dealings with Mexico, and some time since with Cuba. There is nothing in the idea that by keeping up, and even strengthening a little, our moderate navy and little skeleton army we are losing the opportunity of a lifetime to demonstrate to an admiring world the blissful safety of helplessness.

E. S. Martin.

CRAWFORD: What makes you think this car I bought is no good?

CRABSHAW: Some burglars used one in trying to make a getaway and the New York police managed to catch them.

SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D. imparts in a clear wholesome way, in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
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- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
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All in one volume, illustrated. \$2.00 postpaid.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents. PURITAN PUB. CO., 797 PERRY BLDG., PHILA., PA.



Apologies to Wood

The Eternal Masculine

THE sweetly pensive lady would seem to give encouragement enough. But this direct descendant of our forefathers evidently thinks he needs a bit of "nerving up". Sometimes the wish is father to the thought, you know.

When you want a real drink ask for

Old Saratoga
EXTRA FINE
WHISKEY

and then make sure you get it.

If your dealer hasn't Old Saratoga in stock, send us six dollars and we will see that you get at once four full quarts, all charges paid.

Roskam, Gerstley & Co., Philadelphia



MAGIC
TRICKS. We will send you two card tricks, very perplexing to onlookers, yet anyone can do them. Also two booklets showing over 100 different Magic Tricks. All for..... 10c.
THE MAGIC SHOP, 35 North 13th Street, Phila., Pa.



"SEE HERE, YOUNG MAN! WHY ARE YOU STRIKING THAT BOY LIKE THAT?"
"CAUSE I'M LEFT-HANDED."

Rhymed Reviews

Perch of the Devil

(By Gertrude Atherton. Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

GREG. COMPTON'S chosen work in life
Was making millions mining copper;
And Ida, his neglected wife,
Was handsome, crude and coldly proper.

While Compton fought to hold his stake
Against the Trust, that Copper Vulture,
She went abroad with Ora Blake
To get some European Culture.

She came again to breezy Butte
With wit and polish fairly shining,
But Compton didn't care! The brute
Was wholly occupied with mining.

Now Ora had to play with coals;
She'd dreamed, till Dream became Obsession,
That she and Greg. were Kindred Souls,
And Greg. had got a like impression.

So Ora whispered, "Let us fly
To Europe!—life is simply fine there!"
But Greg. replied, "My Love, not I!—
They wouldn't let me run a mine there."

When Ida learned that Greg.'s neglect
Was due to Ora's base seductions,
Some bits of crockery were wrecked
And there were several kinds of ructions.

With courage, force and common sense
That won her husband's admiration,
She drove her rival far from thence
And took her proper wifely station.

I love them—yet I shouldn't care
To trust, for all their schools and churches,—
These people of the mountain where,
Tradition says, the Devil perches.
Arthur Guiterman.



Shahdur
(KING'S PEARL)

Cigarettes
for the
Educated Taste

Those who have wintered in Egypt have frequently been heard to deplore the difficulty of procuring such cigarettes in this country as one finds in Cairo. To those who appreciate exquisitely blended pure Turkish Tobacco, fashioned by hand into cigarettes such as the Khedive himself smokes, we wish to announce our masterpiece:

The SHAHDUR

Here is a cigarette of such alluring charm and natural fragrance and flavor, that it brings a smile of unalloyed content to all who are capable of enjoying the better things in life. Exactness in the selection of the small, tender leaves of choicest Turkish-grown tobacco, as well as careful curing and blending are the secrets of its perfection.

\$3.00 the hundred is the moderate price for large size, and without extra charge, we mark your cigarettes with your initial.

For acquaintance we make this SPECIAL OFFER.

Trial Box of 10 Large Size Cigarettes Mailed Postpaid for 30 Cents

Just mention this ad and with your name and address slip three dimes into an envelope, stating whether you prefer mild or medium blend, plain or cork tip.

Your money will be returned at once if you are in any way dissatisfied. You need not return any of the cigarettes. Just say you are displeased and back goes your 30 cents without argument.

So here is the way to learn, without risk, the delights of the finest real Turkish Cigarette we believe it possible to produce. Free from all adulterants and heavy nicotine, you will find them as healthful as they are delicious.

All Shipments Are Made in Plain Packages

One copy of a Beautiful Booklet, telling how our cigarettes are made, is YOURS. Ask us to mail you your copy.

TCHARIC, SIMLEH & COMPANY, Inc.

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114-116 East 28th Street New York City

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

for the man who keeps on hand a supply of good old

Evans' Ale

to provide real and ideal Fireside Comfort for family and friends. Solace for brain and body. All Good Dealers Supply It in Bottles and Splits.

Burpee's Seeds Grow

THE truth of this famous slogan is proved by thousands of pleased and permanent customers. The Burpee Idea of Quality First—"to give rather than to get all that is possible"—combined with efficient service, has built the world's greatest mail order seed business. We deliver seeds free by parcels post, and have not advanced prices because of the war. Write today for Burpee's Annual, the "Leading American Seed Catalog" for 1915. It is a bright book of 182 pages, with hundreds of illustrations and carefully written descriptions of Vegetables and Flowers. It tells the Plain Truth, and is a safe guide to success in the garden. It is mailed free.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.,

Burpee Buildings, Philadelphia

HERE ARE THE TWENTY-FOUR NUMBERS YOU WILL RECEIVE

For 1915

LINGERIE	Jan. 1
<i>Smartest novelties for wardrobe and linen closet.</i>	
MOTOR & SOUTHERN FASHIONS	Jan. 15
<i>The trend of coming styles as seen in the Southland.</i>	
SPRING DRESS MATERIALS AND TRIMMINGS	Feb. 1
<i>How the Spring models will be developed.</i>	
FORECAST OF SPRING FASHIONS	Feb. 15
<i>The earliest authentic news of the Spring mode.</i>	
SPRING PATTERNS	March 1
<i>Working models for one's whole Spring and Summer wardrobe.</i>	
SPRING MILLINERY	March 15
<i>The newest models in smart hats, veils and coiffures.</i>	
SPRING FASHIONS	April 1
<i>The last word on Spring gowns, waists, lingerie and accessories.</i>	
SMART FASHIONS FOR LIMITED INCOMES	April 15
<i>First aid to the fashionable woman of not unlimited means.</i>	
BRIDES AND SUMMER HOMES	May 1
<i>A journey "thru" pleasures and palaces" in Newport and elsewhere.</i>	
AMERICAN TRAVEL	May 15
<i>Places in our own country well worth a visit at least.</i>	
SUMMER FASHIONS	June 1
<i>The final showing of the Summer modes that will be.</i>	
IN THE COUNTRY	June 15
<i>Society takes to outdoor sports and life in the open.</i>	
HOT WEATHER FASHIONS	July 1
<i>The correct wardrobe and equipment for all outdoor sports.</i>	
HOSTESSES	July 15
<i>The newest ideas in midsummer entertainments.</i>	
LONDON & PARIS	Aug. 1
<i>Europe preparing to resume where it left off at the start of the war.</i>	
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS	Aug. 15
<i>Outfits for the infant and the school boy or girl.</i>	
AUTUMN MILLINERY	Sept. 1
<i>A guide to the season's best expressions in hats and bonnets.</i>	
FORECAST OF AUTUMN FASHIONS	Sept. 15
<i>The first accurate forecast of the fashions for Autumn.</i>	
AUTUMN PATTERNS	Oct. 1
<i>A grown-up picture book, featuring Vogue's patterns for Fall and Winter.</i>	
WINTER FASHIONS	Oct. 15
<i>Vogue's dress rehearsal of the Winter mode.</i>	
AUTUMN SHOPPING	Nov. 1
<i>A tour through the best shops of two continents.</i>	
DRAMATIC & VANITY	Nov. 15
<i>The fine arts that make fair women fairer.</i>	
CHRISTMAS GIFTS	Dec. 1
<i>Vogue's solution of the Christmas Shopping problem.</i>	
CHRISTMAS	Dec. 15
<i>Midwinter fashions, festivities and frivolities.</i>	

— Tear along this line —

Vogue, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York: I shall want Vogue for 1915. Enclosed \$4.00 for which please enter my name for the next 24 numbers and, if supply is not exhausted, the extra complimentary copy of the Lingerie number.

Name.....

Address.....

WITH the whole world of fashion turned topsy-turvey by the war, with all ordinary sources of information cut off, Vogue stands absolutely alone as the authority on what will be worn by well-dressed American women.

Never has the unique value of Vogue been so universally recognized as in these days of uncertainty. And this value will approach its very highest point in the next few months when everyone is asking "What *shall* we wear this Spring?"

Before spending a single penny on clothes this year, before even planning your Spring wardrobe, make sure of Vogue's advice. Remember, more certainly than ever before that

\$4 Invested in Vogue Will Save You \$400

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown. Gloves, hats, boots, that just miss being exactly what you want are the ones that cost more than you can afford.

Why take chances again this season of confusion, when, by merely sending the coupon, and at your convenience paying \$4—a tiny fraction of the loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown—you can insure the correctness of your whole Spring wardrobe?

And remember, too, that Vogue comes not once a month like the ordinary magazine, but *twice* each month, bringing the very latest news and twice as much of it.

You get, therefore, for your \$4.00, *not* twelve numbers, but twenty-four. These twenty-four numbers constitute not only a twice-a-month bulletin of news of fashions and society, but in the course of a year make an exhaustive and entertaining handbook of what is said, done and worn by recognized authorities in these matters.

Read the List of Numbers

in the column alongside and see whether you are willing to do without Vogue another year. Or rather, whether this year of uncertainty *you can afford to do without it*—when its cost to you for a whole year of twenty-four numbers is only a tiny fraction of the loss you have so often experienced on a single ill-chosen hat or gown.

The Motor & Southern Fashions number is just out—dated January 15th. Fill out the coupon, tear it off and mail.

Your subscription will then run until January 15th, 1916—twenty-four numbers.

In addition—so you won't miss any of this year's set—we will, while the supply lasts, send you a special complimentary copy of the Lingerie number.

· LIFE ·

VOGUE



SELECTED by the great Fifth Avenue stores and little specialty shops as the way to reach these leaders of fashion, Vogue naturally carries more advertising and more attractive advertising than any woman's magazine. Thus, merely as a guide to the best offerings of the best shops, Vogue is worth far more than its cost to you.

Before spending a single penny on a new hat or gown—before even planning one—it will pay you to consult Vogue! Just at this season when you are planning your entire Spring wardrobe Vogue's value is at its very greatest! The coupon opposite will secure this value for you.

USE COUPON OPPOSITE.

THIS is Vogue's trademark—its exquisite charm is strikingly typical of the magazine itself! Yet, with all its daintiness, Vogue is no mere magazine for an idle hour's entertainment. On the contrary, Vogue is a great business organization working tirelessly in the interests of those women in America noted not only for the exceeding smartness of their attire, but for their distinction in every line of social activity. Not fashion's news alone does Vogue furnish these women; it advises them what to buy and where to buy, and even goes so far as to do \$100,000 a year of shopping for them.

*If the Sphinx could
tell her Secrets*

If the Sphinx could whisper the story of Ancient Egypt's queens it would tell of the use of Palm and Olive Oils, so that modern women would appreciate even more the value of *Palmolive Soap*.

They would realize why its creamy lather is the most effective cleanser.

The peoples of ancient times that the Sphinx knew could obtain Palm and Olive Oils only in the crude, natural state. How they would have reveled in the convenience and luxury of their combination in

Palmolive Soap

Women who have made the acquaintance of Palmolive Soap are enthusiastic followers of the Palmolive doctrine of soap and water.

Because Palmolive is made from these same Palm and Olive Oils—Nature's greatest cleansing agents.

Palmolive Shampoo

A Palm and Olive Oil liquid soap that thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp. It contains no injurious ingredients that will dry out the hair and make it brittle and dull.

Palmolive Cream

reinforces the natural oil which keeps the skin smooth and unwrinkled. Apply a little after washing and before going to bed if you value a youthful complexion.

Threefold Sample Offer—
Liberal cake of Palmolive,
bottle of Shampoo and tube
of Cream, packed in neat
sample package, all mailed
on receipt of five two-cent
stamps.

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